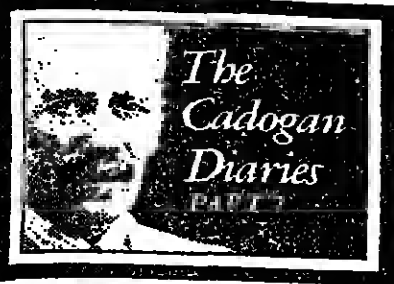


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At the end of 1940, Churchill decided to replace Halifax as Foreign Secretary with Anthony Eden. For Sir Alexander Cadogan, the permanent head of the Foreign Office, it meant working out a new partnership, and at first he had misgivings. In his private diary he expressed dismay as Eden began—so Cadogan then thought—with a series of blunders.

This extract from the diary begins with the manoeuvres which brought Eden to the Foreign Office and continues through some of the most momentous diplomatic events of the war, with Cadogan ever-present at Churchill's side.

The complete diaries—a remarkably frank wartime record written from a unique position at the very centre of affairs—are to be published for the first time next month. They have been edited by David Dilks.

SUNDAY TIMES weekly review

OCTOBER 10 1971

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SCOTLAND



ABOVE: On board HMS Prince of Wales during the Atlantic meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt in August 1941. Cadogan is on the right, next to Roosevelt's personal adviser, Harry Hopkins. One of Cadogan's jobs was to draft the "Atlantic Charter" in which the two war leaders jointly declared their war aims and principles

RIGHT: Eden boards a Lysander for a visit to front-line troops, late in 1940



12.30, Winston rang me up from Chequers about some telegrams from Belgrade which I hadn't seen. Nothing for it but to get up, dress and go to the Foreign Office and ring him from there. Found messages from Prince Paul showing he was sending an officer to Athens to find out what help he could expect. This may be a good sign. So rang up Winston and told him I'd send a telegram to Athens urging that the utmost encouragement should be given. (Have since been ticked off by Anthony for doing anything from here except through him!) So I needn't have been to all that trouble! But just as well to do it, as Winston talked about the Foreign Office being 'shut down'. Must see about this.

Wonder whether Yugoslavia really will do anything! What a chance to give the bloody ice-creamers the final kick in the pants!

Monday, 10 March
Cabinet met in the Dollis Hill War Room [in north-western suburbs of London]. Arrangements impressively good. P.M. not there—has slight bronchitis. I in a difficulty, as I didn't know this, and didn't know how much he'd want me to tell them. Gave them a hazy general impression (there isn't much definite news, as a matter of fact). Sir Robert Menzies then held forth for 40 minutes on Australian war effort. Very impressive, but no one but an Australian would have done it! However, he didn't do it badly.

Friday, 14 March
No decisive news. Jugs still hesitant. Turks tightly enclosed in their shell. I really have more hopes of the former than of the latter. Look at the latter's form: they have so far carefully evaded every obligation they ever took! But I haven't much hope of the former. . . . 4.15 Malsky, to introduce his new Counsellor. I rather like Malsky, although—perhaps because—he's such a crook. P.M. instructing Anthony to stay in Middle East. I believe that's right! We can carry on here, I hope.

Friday, 21 March
Everything fairly quiet, and I wasn't overwhelmed with papers, and P.M. quiescent. Yugoslavs seem to have sold their souls to the Devil. All these Balkan peoples are trash. Poor dears—I know their difficulties. They've got no arms, and no money and no industry.

Monday, 24 March
All the news from the Balkans is bad: the Yugoslavs are collapsing and the Turks are running out. The former are hard to blame, but the latter are the villains. So far, they've done nothing but evade every obligation. . . .

Tuesday, 25 March
Jugs are signing—silly, feeble mugs. . . . P.M. sent for me at 3.15. . . . Then he spoke to me

continued on next page

EDEN'S 'DIPLOMATIC BLUNDER'

Monday, 15 December, 1940
I found P.M. [Churchill] had sent telegram last night to Washington telling them to sound President informally about appointment of Lloyd George as ambassador! I ascertained that Halifax (who met P.M. at lunch yesterday) had agreed to this, at they had both forgotten to approach the King!

Monday, 16 December
Halifax came in . . . to say Lloyd George had refused on health grounds.

Tuesday, 17 December
Beaverbrook told Halifax at he ought to take the Embassy at Washington himself. Whether his feeling was due to genuine conviction about Washington or to a desire to get me out of the Foreign Office, I am quite sure," wrote the latter.

Wednesday, 18 December
Halifax has had a letter from M. asking him to go to Washington. He doesn't want to, and suggested how he should put his doubts to Winston. He and went over to see Winston at

11.40—about Portuguese suggestion for Staff talks. I then left them to discuss Washington. . . . P.M. pressed him on Washington and would appoint Anthony Eden in his place. Halifax left at 7 to see Anthony. . . . Anthony says he won't take the Foreign Office. He may have told Halifax asks me to think of other candidates. There are very few. Mine would be Malcolm MacDonald but I gather P.M. regards him as rat-poison on account of his connexion with Eire ports. . . .

Friday, 20 December
Halifax showed me a letter from Winston v. definitely pressing him about Washington. Saying it was the important spot; that he could have Gerald Campbell, so as to free him to come back here occasionally; he could resume his seat in War Cabinet whenever he did come back.

Picked up Halifax at 11.45 to go to Lethian Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey. Dorothy [Lady Halifax] there, furious at Winston's letter. Declared

she would see P.M. herself. . . . Halifax—and Dorothy!—went off after to No. 10. Saw them on their return. They had found it useless. Dorothy recognised this—had realised P.M.'s object really was to get rid of Halifax. I said that had been my own conclusion. (When Halifax had said to me this morning that it was not a plot to get rid of him, I didn't contradict him as, if in the end he stayed, it would have done no good to have injected poison into their relations). It's true, I'm afraid—and Winston is making a grave mistake—at this end.

The Prime Minister told Lady Halifax that Washington would give her husband the opportunity to do a piece of work reflecting much personal credit. He had been conscious of certain currents of opposition to Halifax's tenure of the Foreign Office. The Foreign Secretary's diary observes that for anyone not to consider the personal advantages would seem unintelligible to Churchill: 'nobody could have been kinder than he was, but he and Dorothy were certainly talking a different language and she said she felt . . . an abyss between his thought and hers.'

At the official lunch of farewell, in early January, 1941, Halifax [formerly Viceroy of India] recalled the words of a railway official in India whom he had thanked for the excellent arrangements: 'It has always been a very great pleasure to see you off.' 'No doubt many of you here today are motivated by feelings no less kindly than those of that station-master.'

Sunday, 22 December
Thatched Cottage
Walked past. Dixer on Eghurst path down to the bottom. Then right to the railway, where I found an old gentleman, a sort of platelayer, eyeing doubtfully a football in the ditch by the side of the permanent way. He asked me—did I think this suspicious? I said everything was suspicious nowadays. The hall was plainly visible: it couldn't have been lost. It was spherical—blown up—so it wasn't thrown away. He said—how did it get there? I said two boys had been throwing it about in a compartment of the train, and it had gone through the window. He said that it would then have been on the track, till I reminded him that inflated footballs bounced. However, I didn't want to touch it any more than he did. I wanted neither a football nor an early grave, so I told him to "report" it. This filled him with importance and we walked along the line for three-quarters of a mile in pleasant, banal and rather unintelligible converse. . . . Quite a pleasant weekend. I have had 13 out of 52 this year!

Monday, 23 December
Halifax's appointment in press, and Anthony Eden to succeed him. . . . Had talk with Halifax, who is resigned (both senses) and rather resentful. . . . Cabinet at 12.

At a point in the proceedings, PM made little speech voicing Cabinet's gratitude to Halifax for assuming this most important task. I looked up and saw the Beaver opposite me, hugging himself, beaming and almost winking. I didn't know what to do: I don't want to be privy to any of the Beaver's schemes (if

it was his scheme). So I tried to look cordially shocked. . . . P.M. sent for me about 3. I thought to be sacked! But he wanted to protest against all our amendments to his broadcast [to the Italian people]. I persuaded him to take one, but had to let him discard the others. He then kept me for a chat. Explained that there was growing criticism of Halifax which led to attacks on the "Foreign Office". . . .

Monday, 30 December
Very heavy attack last night—mostly incendiary on the City. Could see a tremendous glow when I went to bed. Dirty dogs. . . . Halifax came in in afternoon. Have had very nice note from him. . . . Anthony now living in the Foreign Office. Don't know whether that will turn out a good thing or a bad.

It would be pointless to pretend that relations between Eden and Cadogan were invariably untroubled. But a diary kept in telegraphic style by a much-harassed official does not always contain considered views. It is well to remember that according to the published evidence and to the testimony of those who saw them together, Cadogan and Eden had high respect for each other. Sir Alec did not re-read the whole of his diary for the war years. When, however, he saw again his enemies for the first half of 1941, he said:

I see that I sometimes wrote rather sharply about Anthony. I don't think any Secretary of State I served excelled him in finesse, or as a negotiator, or in knowledge of foreign affairs. When something had to be done, Anthony would long to do it. That quality was perhaps carried to a fault; but it was on the whole a good fault for a Foreign Secretary. No one worked harder. And then to take on the Leadership of the House! How he endured those awful gaseous Members I shall never know.

Tuesday, 31 December
Anthony Eden in rather a flap. When he was at the War Office he seemed admirable, but I fear that here he is getting as jumpy as ever. . . .

I generally write a little homily on New Year's Eve. I haven't much to say tonight—except that worse things have happened during this year than we could have expected. But one thing is much better than anyone could have hoped—and that is the British spirit. I am amazed at the courage of my fellow-countrymen. I am rather a physical coward, and I can't say how I admire the courage I see all round me. Theo [Cadogan]

Some of those mentioned by Sir Alexander Cadogan and the posts they then held:
Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1941-45.
Anderson, Lord President of the Council, 1941-45.
Dulles, Allen, head of US Strategic Services in Europe.
Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production.
Benn, Minister of Labour.
Brooke, Alan, CIGS 1941-45.
Campbell, High Commissioner Canada.
Cripps, Lord Privy Seal.
Dalton, President of Board of Trade.
Dill, Field Marshal John, CIGS 1940.
Welles, Under Secretary of State.
Wilson, Sir Charles (later Lord Moran), P.M.'s doctor.
Wood, Sir Kingsley, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

gan's wife], in the first place, is marvellous. I couldn't have thought she could stand the kind of thing she's been through. But she is far braver than I am, and more practical and more helpful. Such a spirit can not be beaten. Everything—on paper—is against us, but we shall live. I don't frankly see how we are going to win, but I am convinced that we shall not lose. . . .

Friday, 28 February, 1941

Telegram from Anthony at Ankara, which puzzles me. It is couched in jaunty and self-satisfied terms, talking of the "frankness" and "friendliness" and "realism" of the Turks. The "reality" is that they won't do a damned thing. Has he had his head turned by crowds of hand-clapping Turks? And what is he now to say to the Yugoslavs and Greeks? The former will now of course curl up, and we shall be alone with the Greeks to share their inevitable disaster. The Turks at least in their recent declaration talk about their "zone of security." To Anthony they appear to have said quite flatly that they will only fight if attacked (which of course they won't be—yet). But he seems quite happy. What's bitten him?

Saturday, 1 March
Glad to find P.M. has sent a sobering telegram to our temperamental Secretary of State, saying "You appear to have got nothing out of the Turks." And that is true: he is going on a lemon-gathering expedition, and he has only got that ninny Dill with him. (Wavell is in Cairo.) I rang up No. 10 to make sure Wavell was being kept informed. This stunt trip is a most disastrous one. And Anthony seems quite gay about it. The only explanation I can conceive . . . is that Anthony expected the Turks to react strongly against our giving all our help to the Greeks. And of course the Turks didn't. They, quite rightly, don't expect to be attacked—yet. But that doesn't help the Greeks—or us. What the hell is Anthony going to say to the Greeks and Yugoslavs? It's a diplomatic and strategic blunder of the first order. . . .

Monday, 3 March
I sent message to P.M. asking what I was to do at Cabinet about the Balkans. Cabinet haven't seen the telegrams and will be sure to ask. He authorised me to read Anthony's raspberry from Ankara. Which I did, and left them all looking rather blue-nosed. . . . Everyone's reaction is the same—how can one account for the jaunty tone of a recital of complete failure? Germans have swarmed over Bulgaria, and there we are. I confess everything looks to me as black as black. Shipping situation very bad, and I don't see where we are to turn. . . . Complete silence from Anthony since his raspberry telegram!

Wednesday, 5 March
Cabinet at 5.30 on Anthony's telegrams from Athens. He has really run rather ahead of his instructions and agreed to things which Greeks will take as com-

mitments and on which they may make decisions as to their policy in a critical moment. He may have had to do it to prevent an immediate collapse. But really I think his head is turned a little.

Thursday, 6 March

Anthony has evidently committed us up to the hilt. Telegram this morning gives text of agreement signed with Greeks. . . . Cabinet at 6. Awkward discussion. P.M. evidently thinks we can't go back on Anthony and Dill, and I don't think we can—though I would if I could see any better alternative! Kingsley Wood, A. V. Alexander and John Anderson evidently out for Anthony's blood.

Friday, 7 March

Cabinet at 12, which practically decided to go ahead in Balkans. On a nice balance, I think this is right. Churchill assured Eden immediately that by this decision the Cabinet had taken upon itself 'the fullest responsibility'.

Saturday, 8 March

Had just got into bed, and trying to go to sleep when, at

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THE CADOGAN DIARIES

continued from preceding page

about 'Son of a bitch' which I took to be Tsvetkovitch, but found he meant Stoyadinovitch (Yugoslav Prime Minister, 1935-39).

Thursday, 27 March

Good news on arriving at the Foreign Office of coup d'état in Belgrade. Went to see P.M. at 11.40. He due to make speech at 12. Gave him his phrase "Yugoslav nation has found its soul" which was featured by evening papers.

Yugoslavia's defiance of Hitler, recorded by the diarist in the above entry, led to the German invasion of the country, the sudden collapse of which in the middle of April, 1941, put the heroic Greek army and the British expeditionary force in peril.

Cadogan wrote on April 22: "We must get out of Greece as soon as we can. The real battle of the war is coming in N. Africa. The Navy seems unable to stop convoys from Italy to Tripoli, and we are going to take a—perhaps vital—knock in Egypt."

A few months later he attended the conference between Roosevelt and Churchill at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. At this meeting, in HMS Prince of Wales, he drafted two declarations on Sunday, August 10: "Drafted scheme of parallel declarations by U.S. and British, designed to restrain Japanese from further activity and to provide mutual aid. Also, President last night said he might be prepared to make a joint general Declaration of principles, so start rough draft of that. PM approved both, both alterations." The Joint Declaration is better known as the Atlantic Charter.

The diary moves on through such great events as Hitler's attack on Russia and the entry of the US into the conflict. The Desert War continued to bring reverses: "The beating in of our Desert Flank while we were fullspread in the Greek adventure," wrote Churchill of the earlier period "was a disaster of the first magnitude." There came in June, 1942, another sickening reverse in Libya.

Friday, 19 June

Libya is evidently a complete disaster—we are out-generalled everywhere. PM's arrival in Washington announced this morning.

Sunday, 21 June

I to the Foreign Office to learn that Tohrak had fallen. It held out for eight months last time, and for about as many hours this. I wonder what is most wrong with our army. Without any knowledge, I should say the Generals. Most depressing.

The Prime Minister had gone to Washington to persuade Roosevelt that the Allied in-

vasion of mainland Europe was not a practical operation in 1942, whatever the Americans might have said to Molotov. On the morning of 21 June, a message was brought to Roosevelt. He handed it across the table to Churchill: "Tobruk has surrendered, with 25,000 men taken prisoners." Churchill was deeply shocked. "What can we do to help?" asked the President. "Give us as many Sherman tanks as you can spare, and ship them to the Middle East as quickly as possible." The Americans sent more than 300.

Tuesday, 23 June

No particular news: Rommel seems to be massing for attack on our frontier positions tomorrow—or earlier. Our poor diplomacy has of course been dealt a fearful blow, in Turkey, Spain, Portugal and elsewhere.

Thursday, 25 June

We are now retiring out of chunks of Egypt. We have suffered one of the most decisive defeats ever inflicted.

That defeat had derived in part from the excellence of the intelligence reaching Rommel. The US military attack in Cairo was supplied with most secret material about Allied plans and movements, and, unhappily, his signals were so insecure that the decodes were reaching Rommel as swiftly as they reached General Marshall in Washington. Not until the attack's recall in July was this damaging leakage stopped. By then Auchinleck had taken personal command in the desert; the supply lines of the Axis armies were severely extended; the Allies enjoyed a superiority, exercised with notable flexibility and skill. Rommel's headlong progress towards the Nile was over.

Monday, 29 June

3.15 saw Anthony Eden, who said PM was in good form, though I don't know why. Rout of our 8th Army in Egypt seems to be as complete as any in history. 5.30 Cabinet. Winston at Chequers, so Attlee presided—like a soured and argumentative mouse.

Returning to London at the end of June, Churchill found that a by-election had gone very badly for the Government. On 1 and 2 July the Commons debated the motion, "That this House, while paying tribute to the heroism and endurance of the Armed Forces of the Crown in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, has no confidence in the central direction of the war." The motion was lost by 475 to 25, "les ring-cing canailles," Churchill described them picturesquely, "qui ont voté contre moi."

Thursday, 2 July

Yesterday's debate a deplorable spectacle. Talk with Anthony about Egypt (arrangements for evacuation, etc.) PM apparently in a high state

of dudgeon this morning, but Anthony tried to calm him. He spoke at 3.30 and I later discovered he did extremely well.

Sunday, 5 July

After the debate on Thursday, PM told Anthony he was going to Cairo. He had a plane ready, and had consulted Attlee and Bevin who had of course agreed—or rather had not ventured to disagree! Anthony had to argue for two hours to convince him of the absurdity of this. Finally Winston said, "I see what you mean—you think I would be like a fat old bluebell on a cowpat!"

Monday, 6 July

5.30 Cabinet. Egypt seems better. The Russian convoy situation bad. I don't know how we can keep this up. Russian front not too good. PM furious about General's ordering surrender—and he's quite right. Says we ought to make it clear that any General

ordering surrender will, after the war, be tried for his life and have to justify himself.

The General in Tohrak ordered surrender, it seems, to "save bloodshed." But how much blood did he let by doing so? Unfortunately, he's a S. African, so we can't do anything about him.

Wednesday, 8 July

Had a talk with Anthony. "Second Front" in Europe this year definitely off. President wants to do "Gymnast" (projected landings in French North Africa, later called "Torch").

I think that simply a dispersal of effort, but it will keep Russians going, may be worthwhile. Wrote a paper for Anthony tonight suggesting how it might be presented to Russians. But I'm not sure! Very gloomy outlook and Cabinet yesterday seems to have been very depressing. Chiefs of Staffs have no ideas

ordering surrender will, after the war, be tried for his life and have to justify himself.

The General in Tohrak ordered surrender, it seems, to "save bloodshed." But how much blood did he let by doing so? Unfortunately, he's a S. African, so we can't do anything about him.

Wednesday, 15 July

I talked to Anthony about various things, including our operational plans. We have made up our minds against Second Front this year. This, I am afraid, is right—sad though

it might be. We want Americans to do "Gymnast," President would probably be willing. But Marshall against. I fear his idea is that, if [Operation] "Sledgehammer" [plan for an assault on Cherbourg or Brest in 1942] is off, America must turn her attention to the Pacific. This is all rather disquieting.

Thursday, 9 July

Gave Anthony a paper I wrote last night on how to put change of plans to the Russians. He thought it ingenious. He took me off to Cabinet at 12. Subject—Post-War Relief. PM arrived in high dudgeon, and enjoyed himself enormously. He devoted himself to attacking Cabinet decision, taken last Monday week in his absence—told Americans that, as part of general plan for relief, we should be prepared to keep on "a system of rationing after the war." His line was: "Are we to tell the British soldier, returning from the war, that he is to tighten his belt and starve, in order that Roumanians may batten on the fat of the land? I've never heard of such a thing." In vain, Eden, Cripps, Attlee, Bevin and Co. told him that that was an outrageous proposition, but didn't happen to be the one that they had subscribed to.

That didn't matter. Winston began again, "Are we, who alone saved the world during a whole year, to go short while Americans eat what they will, free of all restriction?" etc., etc. No arguing with that. Kingsley Wood was on velvet. He and PM the only ones against the rest of the Cabinet and Kingsley felt quite safe with such support. He kept interjecting comment—and got roundly swatted on the head. He insisted that the Board of Trade had quickly sent off their instructions after the snap division in the Cabinet. Dalton, quick as lightning, said, "The Board of Trade work quite quickly when not obstructed by the Treasury." Great fun. And Winston enjoyed it more than anyone (except me).

Lunched with Anthony in his flat. John Foster Dulles there (at the Foreign Office). I had expected to meet Allen Dulles. So it was a shock. Dulles the woolliest type of useless pontificating American. Said to me "close to" Summer Welles. Heaven help us! ... Cabinet 5.30. Outstanding news was sinkings for the week—364,000 tons. This, of course, if continued, leads us straight to early disaster. Russian perhaps not so bad as might have been. But I have no great confidence in Egyptian situation. We have no initiative.

Wednesday, 15 July

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it might be. We want Americans to do "Gymnast," President would probably be willing. But Marshall against. I fear his idea is that, if [Operation] "Sledgehammer" [plan for an assault on Cherbourg or Brest in 1942] is off, America must turn her attention to the Pacific. This is all rather disquieting.

Thursday, 26 July

In Egypt the Auk, after his good old 1916 battle of artillery barrage and infantry attack(!), seems to have been brought to a standstill! I wish de Gaulle were CIGS.

Thursday, 30 July

Lovely day. Met Anthony in Park, who said PM off to Egypt—had had a Cabinet about it at 1 a.m. ... Anthony went off to see PM. Heard he was fixed on the trip, and I shall have to go with him. ... Martin tells me PM's doctor, Attlee and Anderson trying to dissuade him from going! Heard later he insisted on doing so, but probably Saturday night—not tomorrow night! ... Bore not knowing one's plans. Don't know yet for sure, as PM has still to be tested tomorrow morning for "high flying."

The next entries are taken from Cadogan's letters to his wife Lady Theodosia: the interpolations draw upon published accounts and upon a record which Cadogan composed in retirement.

Monday, 3 August

We got off all right on Saturday/Sunday night from a West Country airfield. I don't give you the name—not out of any consideration for secrecy—but because I'm not sure of it myself.

The PM, his doctor, Private Secretary, ADC, Valet and Detective got off the ground about 12.30 a.m. We followed about an hour later.

We landed at Gih at 8.30 (7 hours' flight). ... We went straight to Government House where PM had already arrived.

PM lay on his bed in his underwear and held forth to us. He seemed none the worse for the journey. We didn't leave to go very high—not over 12,000 ft.

We got off the ground at 6 p.m.—very hot until we got high up—started up the Mediterranean, then cut across the African coast and went inland, keeping south of the trouble and making for the Nile, then down to Cairo, where we landed at 8 a.m.—14 hours for, I think, about 2,200 miles—good going.

Miles Lampson and everyone drawn up to meet us. I chatted with him for about 20 minutes and then jumped at his suggestion that I should go on to the Embassy.

Jacqueline [Lady Lampson] met me at the door—expecting, I suppose, the PM—and we had a chat while I drank coffee and ate fresh figs. She wanted all sorts of tips as to how to treat the PM. I did my best for her! Small lunch party here—I sat next to Tedder, the Air Marshal, whom I had met in London.

Smuts arrived in the middle. I'd never met him before. He's certainly impressive and very good company—one of the few men whom I think the PM really respects, and to whom he will listen.

About 5.30 Auchinleck blew

in, and had a long conference with the PM and CIGS. I joined them at the end to discuss minor matters when they had finished their consultation on the graver issues. Auchinleck looks very much thinner than when I saw him in London, but very hard and fit. He had to go back to the battle before dinner.

Wednesday, 5 August

Quiet dinner here—except for rather loud monologues by Winston. We got to bed about 1.30 as he was due to start for the Front at 5 a.m. this morning! He's due back in a few minutes (5 p.m.), but I suppose he will be quite fresh. Before lunch I called on Canellopoulos, the Greek "Minister of State"—a chatter-box.

Eden had asked Cadogan to arrange an interview between Canellopoulos and the Prime Minister. Each time he was approached by his Private Secretary, Leslie Rowan, however,

he declined. Each time he was approached by his Private Secretary, Leslie Rowan, however,

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- CYRIL CONNOLLY ON E M FORSTER
- NEW BOOKS BY GEORGE STEINER, DESMOND MORRIS
- PHILIP OAKES TALKS TO ARIANE MNOUCHKINE



THE ARTS

WELL PLAYED, WODEHOUSE

John le Carré pays a ninetieth birthday tribute to the Master

WE WHO LOVE HIM are a masonry. We have never met; we are too numerous, and too ill-assorted. Who would put Evelyn Waugh beside Agatha Christie, Bertrand Russell beside Muggeridge or Muggeridge beside Bix Beiderbecke? We have no secret handshake, but we can betray ourselves for all that. A choice of adjective, a syntactical construction—and a sudden lightning of the expression reveals the common bond.

There was a man I worked with in the Embassy in Bonn, a prince I ever I knew one, now sadly dead. On summer weekends he wore a Panama hat with a ribbon round it; in all seasons he was a man of sunny courtesy. Like Wodehouse, he was also an exile. His dream of England was Wodehouse's dream: an England before the Fall still, but threatened by unassuming chaos: a lovely Shropshire garden whose tranquillity must be defended by the farcical intrigues of such vigilantes as ourselves.

I remember exactly how we discovered the Wodehouse streak in one another. I had just joined the staff and he had invited me to lunch. We were basking in his garden, dry Martinis blessedly within reach, and he asked me what I had been doing before I came out. I answered that I supposed I had just been loafing, a phrase which Wodehouse once used of himself to describe his early infancy. A momentary silence followed my words, disturbed not even by the sighs of sparrows mopping their brows behind bushes. I should like to be able to report that the lynx-eyed diplomat, like Jeeves in the new opus, remained as serene and as unmoved as an oyster on the half shell; he didn't. Rather—the source is the same—he gave a sort of cry or yowl which must have rung over many a hunting field, causing members of the Quorn and Pynchley—had they hunted as far from home as the Bonn-Bad Godesberg road—to leap in their saddles like Mexican jumping beans. From that moment our friendship was assured; and however mannerless the unreal world of diplomacy occasionally became, our sense of what was decorous, let alone our sense of humour, was quickly restored by a furtive peek at the real world of Wodehouse.

To those on whom the Master's words are lost—to that tiny sprinkling of the world's misfits—such Wodehouse fans are no doubt the most flattering bores. They giggle. They snigger. They make obscure references. They are not earnest. They rejoice, like he Master himself, in the fastidious election of trivia to the detriment of great issues. In short, they are not respectful of their oppressors, being privy to a perpetual revolt of the spirit in the cause of laughter and humanity.

Let me at this point put your mind at rest. I am not waffling on because the new book is no good. The new one is very good. Not just good for a man of ninety; not just "epitaphic" good because he's ninety and because I have been reading Wodehouse since I was first able to lisp in numbers, but vigorously good, capable at any time of running shoulder to shoulder with the seventy plus stable mates which are presently in print. And while I am not much of a saga man, and have not therefore squirmed away all the precious data of those

seventy vols, those who have the right kind of memory will wish to know that "Much Obligated Jeeves" sheds light on some unit corners of the Wooster-Jeeves combine. Did you know (I didn't) how Wooster acquired the middle name of Wilberforce? Consult page 88. That Jeeves was also called Reginald—stale, you say?—and had three aunts whose outlook on life was uniformly placid? Page 120 refers. Or that Jeeves was seldom without a small supply of Mickey Finns? A glance at page 117 yields instant proof. All these nuggets for a mere £1.60. I doubt whether anyone but Wodehouse remembers what the first book cost, but that was back in 1902, or sixty-nine years ago, whichever you prefer.

There are many reasons why Wodehouse has no successful imitators. Firstly, he is a watchmaker supreme. His beautifully constructed plots, each tiny part hand-turned, hand fitted, combine the arts of the thriller with those of the romantic novel. They work because they are the purest kind of farce: the logical development of an outrageous premise. Wodehouse's magic, his humour, his humanity, his sheer bubbling hilarity, all fit organically into this essential mechanism.

And yet I have long ceased consciously to follow the story. By the time I take up a new Wodehouse, or revisit an old one, my senses are already on the prowl for those cadences, melodies and counterpoints which are the secret joy of those attuned to his music. Yet there is a fishy eye within me that still polices the Master's integrity; and though it is often lulled half shut by the balmy sunshine of a Blandings noon, it will still open sharply at a suspected error or omission; then search back or forward until the missing piece is found; only



P. G. WODEHOUSE. Born October 15, 1893, educated at Dulwich College. Started work in a London bank. Wrote his first novel, *Mr. Slipshod*, in 1912. First major success: *Piccadilly Jim*, 1918. Jeeves made his first appearance in a short story included in *The Man With Two Left Feet* (1917); still in print. Out of over 100 books by him 73 are still in print in hard back, including five volumes of autobiography, *Performing 'Flea'* (1953) and *Over Seventy* (1957). A third volume, perhaps the best, *Bring On The Girls* (1954) is, obviously, out of print. In paperback, twenty of his books are available from Penguin; two from Fontana. *Mr. Wodehouse* and *Sphere* are publishing two new novels. Mr Wodehouse became an American citizen in 1955 and lives with his wife on Long Island.

Books on him include *Wodehouse at Work* by Richard Osborne (Barrie & Jenkins 1967), an enjoyable readable and precise study by a fellow writer, *A Bibliography and Reader's Guide to the First Editions of P. G. Wodehouse* by David A. Jansen (Barrie & Jenkins 1971), a guide to all English and American first editions with synopses of the action.

*Much Obligated Jeeves. Published next Thursday: Barrie & Jenkins £1.60.

to close once more, secure in the Master's skill.

This virtuosity of narrative also explains Wodehouse's success at the primary level. Even in translation (from French to Czech to Japanese to ...) the story marches, the characters collide, part, rejoin in different combinations. There is a rhythm which cannot be missed.

What of his own world? Where is it? Is it really the Shropshire garden that my diplomat friend was so gallantly protecting (and cultivating) at the barricades of Bonn? Or is it perhaps a Long Island golf course, on one of those evenings when the Atlantic chooses not to thud, but to shuffle drowsily among the dunes, and the only other sound is "the uproar of the butterflies in the adjoining meadows" (see *The Clicking of Cutlery*)? Or is it a Japanese lake village out of earshot of American airbases, where fishermen, squatting cosily on bamboo mats, read the Master downwards, starting (for all I know) at the wrong end?

Humour, like honey, awakens great chauvinisms, every country holds its own produce to be the best. I believe that the world of Wodehouse is universal; its ethic, its comedy and its allure cannot be selflessly explained. His nostalgia recalls an order of things which never existed except in his poetic imagination. He makes each one of his readers into a knight of limited wit but implacable chivalry. At the very point where the forest is darkest, he gives us a genie to lead us safely through our appointed errands. Wodehouse has succeeded where international diplomacy has failed: he has reduced the forces of evil to the dimensions of a bad olive, and expressed, within the comedy of manners, our common longing for an ordered paradise.

It is to our great discredit that we have shown ourselves to be without generosity towards perhaps our most persistently accomplished writer of the twentieth century. During the Second World War, Wodehouse's home in Le Touquet was overrun and he was taken into custody by the Germans. In the prevailing hysteria the British Press performed a disgraceful act of spiritual brutality against him, laying charges which, though later formally discounted in Parliament, are known to have wounded him deeply at the time, and probably wound him still. We took him for a rotter, and he has not returned to England since. Wodehouse, for half a century a by-word for a certain kind of English wisdom, has never received so much as that OBE mysteriously bestowed on county librarians. Medals are faded things, he would probably say. But at least they are a way of saying sorry. Better still, he might even pop over to receive it.

But whether anything is done or not that old, absurd, grubby incident in the war still points the Wodehouse moral. Is it not finally to his credit that he preserved, by his bewilderment in time of war, the integrity of his humanist concept? Wodehouse wishes no man ill; he has served his art and his public with a devotion rarely matched in his profession. At a moment when the majority of his colleagues were sending their backs to one patriotic bandwagon or another, what did Wodehouse do? In an internment camp at Tost, he sat among fifty prisoners with a typewriter on his knees, working on *"Money in the Bank"*. If that doesn't deserve a medal, what does?

© Le Carré Productions



Patrick Stewart as Enkai, an envoy of the Communist International, and Estelle Kohler as his mistress Angelica, in "Occupations" by Trevor Griffiths, a play about the Italian socialist leader Antonio Gramsci who led the Turin workers rising in 1920. This is the first of three plays given by the Royal Shakespeare Company during their nine-week season beginning tomorrow at The Place in Dukes Road, Euston. It was first performed in the Stables, Manchester

NEWS IN THE ARTS

My Fair Lady Loewe writes again

KENNETH PEARSON

FREDERICK LOEWE, composer of *My Fair Lady*, *Brigadoon*, *Paint Your Wagon*, *Gigi* and *Camelot*, who has not written a note of music for ten years since his retirement, is to break his silence at last. Loewe has been persuaded back to the piano by his old partner Alan Jay Lerner. Both are now at work in London on a musical film adaptation of the French classic *The Little Prince*, written in 1943 by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Both authors hope Richard Burton will play the aviator who meets the prince in the desert. "There are only two reasons for creation," Loewe said last week, explaining his retirement, "greed and hunger for applause. After *Camelot* I had neither. If you were a horse and you won the Derby, what would you do next?" Mr Loewe is at the post again.

● Menuhin book

GOLLANZ, in the face of great competition, have just signed a contract with Yehudi Menuhin, new president of Trinity College of Music, for the musician's autobiography. But to help him tell the story Menuhin has taken on as his collaborator Dr Frederick Brown, Professor of Modern French at New York State University. Brown, in his memoirs, traces origins as a violinist, has just finished work with Jean-Louis Barrault on the actor's own life story.

● New theatre

THE GREATER London Arts Association is to launch an itinerant theatre company to tour the outer zones of the capital. It was Lord Goodman, chairman of the Arts Council, who said, "If you take out a square mile round Trafalgar Square, London is the artistic desert of the country." The association has already appointed an artistic director: Glen Walford, one-time director of Sheffield educational theatre company. Miss Walford is already halfway through a chatting-up tour of the 32 boroughs. All 16 want to be involved. She has met finance chairman, chief librarians and entertainments officers. All are keen. Those who ask it is necessary when the West End is not so far away, sales the point. It's community theatre for the young, the GLAA are talking about.

● Brook's next

PETER BROOK is lining up his next production. Shortly his company at the International Centre of Theatre Research in Paris will start to rehearse *Kaspar* by the young German playwright Peter Handke. His *My Foot My Tutor* has just been staged at the Open Space. Brook said last week, "Kaspar is a play about words, not about people, and therefore an extension of the work we have been doing in Iran this summer."

● Tate survey

COMPUTERS are working on the results of a Tate Gallery survey to produce some coherent deductions on the make-up of the gallery's visitors. Meanwhile, here are a few statistics from the survey. From April, 1969, to July, 1970, 1,186,337 people went to look at the Tate's pictures. Nearly half of them were under 25. One-third were on their first visit. One-third lived in London.

one-third came from outside the city, and one-third from abroad. Almost all the visitors were highly educated and more than a quarter of them went four times a year. I suspect the Tate's trustees are hoping for further ammunition in the fight against admission charges.

● Army games

"ONLY LAST week I was cutting the breasts off those women," said William Reid, director of the new National Army Museum. His comment neatly summed up the museum's predicament. The "women" were donated tailor's dummies who were being "adapted" to wear military uniforms. Lined up in other parts of the building were other window figures given to the museum by Ego Brothers, Moss Bros and Austin Reed. There probably isn't another army museum in Europe (most opened in the nineteenth century) which depended on the rag trade for its launching. Not that Reid is depressed by the shortage of cash. On the contrary, the ex-Tower-of-Miracle of display from nothing. When the Queen opens the Chelsea museum on November 11 the exhibitions there will include an art gallery (Romneys, Lawrence, etc.), a gallery of uniforms, and a history of the army from 1485 (The Yeoman of the Guard) to 1914.

● Ward for Romeo

SIMON WARD returns from Morocco shortly, where he is filming as the Young Churchill, to play *Romeo* for Michael Croft's Dolphin Company at the Shaw Theatre in January. Croft will direct.

● Tailboard tales

ROUND-UP: don't let all the noise about 1789 obscure the fact that the Théâtre de Bourgogne plays Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin* at the Young Vic next Wednesday. The Young Vic, representing the other pole of French drama, will then visit universities at Exeter, Bristol, Reading, Salford, Lancaster, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow and St Andrews, and more places in between. Michael Mac Lannaird opens at the Duke of York's, also on Wednesday, with his one-man show about W. B. Yeats. And The Sunday Times NUS drama festival closes its doors to entries on October 22 for this year's celebration at Bradford.

Pursuit of visions

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

THESE ARE supposed to be bad times for that last little teaser, the marketable easel-painting. If painting is to survive—the argument runs—it must be in some other form.

No one in this country has thought harder about this question than Derek Southall, who was out front with canvases that belied out from the wall like double-bases and, later, with canvases that formed up in L-shapes, T-shapes, W-shapes and went on beyond the confines of the alphabet. His new paintings at the ICA are rectangular; but instead of being tautened on stretchers they are pinned up, loose, like groundsheet that have been picked up off the floor. Such folds, ridges and hollows as result are welcomed into the general flux and the paint—and contribute, indeed to its eloquence.

Southall has always aimed "to re-make painting," and some formidable names are likely to come to mind as we tour his present show. One is the Turner of the 1840s, another is the Monet of the water-lilies, and a third is the Pollock of "Convergence" and "Blue Poles." Put in that way, it may sound like an insane presumption; but perhaps the point is that painting should not shrink from presumption and is certainly not worth attempting on this scale unless a duel with

giants is somewhere in question. I can only urge the reader to go down to the ICA and see—if he does not experience that prickling of the spine which speaks for an enlargement of our consciousness.

Meanwhile we have, among senior painters, two examples of a private vision pursued with an exceptional tenacity. Already in the upper corridor at Tooth's there is a very small canvas of a single head which suggests that their current exhibitor, Cecil Collins, has an exalted notion of what a human being can look like; inside, in the main gallery, the inner life of such beings is portrayed with the kind of glowing, inner-directed eloquence that comes from a lifetime of dedicated effort. It is a difficult thing in the 1970s to speak up for the inwardness of art, but Cecil Collins does it in ways which are neither mawkish nor insipid.

What he has done, for thirty years and more, is to explore an enclosed garden of the imagination which turns out not to be shut in at all, hot to overlook what he calls "the living river of human consciousness"; that garden is the preserve of com-

pound creatures which have not been seen before in art but nevertheless respond to needs of ours which, likewise, have not as yet been acknowledged.

From this to Edward Burra might seem the most abrupt of changes; for Burra was on top form between 1929 and 1933, in a world where the stews of Toulouse had not been blown to pieces. In that world the hypodermic syringe was an exotic rarity, the negro was the smiling accomplice of the white man's pleasures, and the notion of political violence was hardly more than an aphorism for enfeebled natures. Midway in his responses between Pirandello and Jean Rhys, and wielding a fine line derived in equal measure from George Groux and Jean Cocteau, the young Burra left us an authentic record of a world now either destroyed (Toulouse) or too dangerous (Harlem) for us to penetrate.

All this is set out in early Burra shows at both the Lefevre and the Hamet galleries. Crapulous as their subject-matter may be, the pictures suggest that Burra moved through the revels in question as a charmed immo-

cant. A wiry intelligence comes through, also, that is not wasted or superfluous touch in a painting like "The Balcony, Toulouse, 1929" at the Lefevre, while both shows include an example of the collaged paintings of 1929-30 which are really very bright indeed for a young English artist at that time. When Burra moves later, into a world of private nightmare the pictures often seem to me to strain too hard for significance; but when it comes to fact plainly seen and plainly set down Burra is, or was, a most valuable observer.

A top-brief commendation, finally, for two well-liked exhibitors: Louis le Brocqy at Gimpel Fils and Derrick Greaves at Basil Jacobs, 11 Bruton Street.

Meanwhile the resignation of Mark Glazebrook from the directorship of the Whitechapel Art Gallery marks a further and even sadder stage in the fortunes of what was till very recently a gallery of worldwide celebrity. Faced with a sharp rise in operating costs and an equally precipitate decline in financial support Glazebrook did all that anybody could—his Hockney exhibition was, for instance, an outstanding success—but if we are not to lose Whitechapel altogether there must now be some fundamental re-thinking among those who feel that where exhibitions are concerned Central London should not have things too much its own way.

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To: Sir John Reid, (Dept. SSS), Cancer Research Campaign, 2 Carlton House Terrace, London W1. I would like to help the Cancer Research Campaign to conquer cancer by the year 2000. I understand that my money will help finance the research necessary to achieve this aim. I enclose: Name: Address: Cancer Research Campaign

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QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

JOSEPH KALICHSTEIN Piano Recital	Schubert Sonata in A, D. 959 Prokofiev Sonata No. 9	10.00	10.00
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The luck of the stars

TELEVISION □ ALAN BRIEN

NCE I used to think of my television set as a kind of ga-ga gran, a parrot, endlessly nattering away, repeating the news headlines, interviewing herself, celebrating forgotten anniversaries, saying fulsome tributes to soap operas and coronets, telling jokes, calling the day was broke out or Queen Victoria died, singing songs and describing her own life, until you put a sheet over it or she launched into the national anthem.

Occasionally, the old faggot hit a lively vein (usually the gular) and managed to bore a hole through the protective field of my newspaper or stop me at the door, kettle in hand. It was a triumph of serendipity—the word invented by Horace Walpole to describe a faculty of making happy discoveries by accident when looking for something else.

Now, of course, I have to plan my week's watching from the radio Times and TV Times, ransing them for not being the me magazine, hopefully circling the worthy, important programmes through my frivolous and intermittently whimsical forerunner. And the two mimes, plays with happy cods and a flash of bare flesh, sped off with old movies. By day morning serendipity has left again, as also has its posse, which must be hunted for. Normally nothing short of a raid by the goon squad of the Pombreaker would get me to turn to Stars on Sunday (TV). But having hit the wrong film once, I am becoming jaded on this misleadingly-titled religious Disneyland.

It is a weird world, the Arch-bishop of Canterbury billed above his Grace. Fields, the ndon Jewish Male Voice Choir emating with the Hammond ice Works Band, against a background of ruined arches, red-glass, and a yellow-green sola in Late Marzipan (or is it Pistachio?) beside a large sick lake. In charge is the y I know as Katie, whose rried bliss is saved weekly. Oxo. But she is not the Katie o adresses readers on where to er-plate baby's first shoes in Times, and just to confuse body, she is really called y Holland. This Miss Holland, a sort of rejuvenated Anna gle, dusted with saccharine, resemblance heightened, on y first acquaintance, by over- ring her pointless anecdote ut her 101-year-old aunt who d to be a nurse.

"This is Christianity on the level of Christopher Robin, with deers and a show-biz our in the form of heavily le-up puns or girls with low-necklines singing Offenbach, orking for God means doing r best whatever your job" is typical message if one eely appealing to the drops of the following Jesus. And he can be gauged by the way Battle Hymn of the Republic ung as a dirge with the text rprinted by some illiterate o we have "the lightning of terrible swift sword" and the ters" of the Lord.

Correspondence also plunged me into the last ten minutes of ion (BBC2)—a programme I dicked on learning from io Times that "only one per- in every fifty that read this escape some form of rheuma- before their seventieth birlb- As I firmly believe watch- programmes about rheuma- i, or indeed any disease, is a cause of illness, I had opted Peter Vaughan, most insidious o of villains, never more han when he is on the side the law. In The Rivals of rock Holmes (ITV). Over on 22, I thought it must be ham Kerr slicing ham, until alised with horror that the it was raw, and alive, and part human being. But it was ously undisturbing, indeed ively cheering, partly because the jolly confidence of the son as he inserted the metal plastic ball and socket ("o gentle tops... you can see whole pattern rocking").

By the sight of the victim a few weeks later dancing away with suave agility. It was serendi- pty after all, then—I mean, after 36 years of never allowing any surgical instrument even to prick my skin, I still can't dance.

Sitting in front of a screen with a notebook makes for techi- anil an angry urge to record the most minor slips. So I must inform George Melly here, more in self-release than as a serious reproach, that in Cinema (ITV) he misquoted Cole Porter, (it is "You're the top" not "top"), confused Snow White's dwarfs (there is not one called Dumpy) and said that Disney "endeared me to him" (when unless there is some episode in Mr Melly's life not so far revealed to the public) he meant "endeared him to me," I'm glad I've got that off my pad. It was, an excellent pro- gramme presented with refine- ment, common sense, personal conviction and total lack of preten- tiousness—though I do feel that the Disney organisation has recently wangled a share of free plugs on TV out of all proportion to the value or interest of its current output.

It is partly the alternation of gnosticism and delight, serious- ness and triviality, serendipity and horridity (if I push it often enough it may get into the language. So I find it rather depressing that the only question everyone always asks is—how many hours do you watch? To forestall future requests, let me report that between Saturday and Thursday I sat through 9 hours and 35 minutes of TV and 9 hours 5 minutes of BBC. Not one item was quite as achingly unendurable as a typical rotten evening at the theatre—perhaps because it is possible to leap up and down, pour a drink and abuse the perpetrators in a high scream.

The worst weakness of TV is that so much is quite good—but so that you begin to feel cast as a nagging schoolmaster with a class of bright but lazy pupils. The Search for the Nile (BBC 2) has at its potential centre the biography of the mad hon. Richard Burton, but in its early episodes he seemed to have been pushed to the periphery, or shown only in his duller and more domestic aspects, in favour of a slow-moving, diluted, mini-epic, reminiscent of Hollywood in decline. Last week's was an improvement, but managed rather perversely to make his knobby stick of a rival, Speke, (a brilliantly felt, selflessly con- trolled, performance by John Quentin) more intriguing than the mercurial, extrovert Burton himself.

The new series of The Lovers (ITV), is full of very funny lines by Geoffrey Lancashire, such as the mother saying to the daughter who is trying to signal her to leave the two lovers alone—"would you cough that again please?" (My favourite remark in a comedy so far was a fortnight ago in Roy Clarke's Will Amelia Quint Continue Writing? A Gnome Called Shorthouse? where the publisher says proudly to his liberated woman author, Beryl Reid, "This is my wife," and she replies, dismissively, "Hello, Wife.")

I have no objections to the amorous young couple never get- ting into bed together. And they are perfectly cast, Richard Beck- insale, with his hooded lids and bee-stung lips, and Paula Wilton, with huge peering eyes and teeth like cigarettes in a case— he given to skulking behind his hair, she openly on display, in the contemporary manner. But must it always be the girl who is panicky about sex, and infatuated by marriage?

I enjoyed Z Cars from its first episodes, and I looked forward to the new series of "Softly, Softly" Task Force (BBC). Beneath my criminal exterior beats a school- boy heart which pictures me as a great detective, but isn't Elwyn Jones overdoing the cautious, gentlemanly reluctance of his coppers to bend the rules even an inch to catch a crook? At this rate, Barlow will soon be played by Jack Warner. Couldn't we hear just ooc of his men like the arresting officer in a recent Monty Python say: "So I'll charge you with possession of anything we happen to have around there."

THE OPENING of our winter orchestral season has overlapped with the last stage of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's European tour. And there is no doubt that our visitors have set us a formidable challenge in point of tone and blend, precision and balance, unanimity and attack. In short, the whole corpus of virtues that belong to the great American orchestras and are now concentrated and exemplified in the work of this particular group. If it was the late Fritz Reiner who raised the Chicago players to their present level, they have certainly maintained it during the current regime of Georg Solti and Carlo Maria Giulini.

The programmes conducted at the Festival Hall on Monday and Tuesday by these two distinguish- ed maestros suffered from one drawback: they were too good. Nothing was needed to vary a nutritious but familiar diet of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. Having been otherwise engaged at Smith Square on that night, I did not hear the first of the Chicago concerts, at which Solti's readings of Brahms, Mendelssohn and Bartok (the Concerto for Orchestra, of course) drew such diametrically opposite reactions from my col- leagues as must have made Ernest Bean's fingers itch to restart his South Bank "Point and Counter- point" column. But I heard the Chicago bond play for Giulini on Tuesday with the utmost bril- liance, vitality and flexibility, and with intonation of a purity seldom so consistently sustained.

They began with Mozart, the famous E flat symphony No 39, of which the Andante was particu- larly perfect judged tempo and high smoothness of finish. Giulini's spirit has perhaps too little vivacity to make him the perfect Mozartian; his finale was deficient in wit and zest. He was happier with the grandiose pan- orama of Beethoven's Seventh, which was unfolded in masterly style, from the purposeful tread of the introduction to the final, dionysiac fervour of the finale.

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Symphonic glories

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Eloquent encounter

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

SUDDENLY I have an overpowering longing to let the great names go hang. Of course one can go on and on about Ingmar Bergman, whose *The Touch* (Eastman Colour; X) is now at the Prince Charles. But then like Bergman himself one is likely to go on and on saying the same thing. Anyway this week a less familiar hand offers a film which I can't get out of my mind.

Looking for the second time at *Walkabout* (Rialto; director: Nicola Roeg; De Luxe Colour; AA) I recognise more clearly the relevance of details, asides, references to the central theme, the chilling, destructive nature of urban man. The script, based by Edward Bond on a novel by James Vance Marshall, tells the story of a teenage girl and a little boy stranded in the Australian desert. Taken out ostensibly for a picnic, they see their father "madly firing at them with his revolver; dragging her brother to cover, the girl watches while the man sets fire to the car and shoots himself. And the protective sister and the little boy who still thinks it is all a game set out to walk. They have no food, no water, and no idea of where they are going. Perhaps I should have said that I couldn't get the film out of my eyes, for it is to the eyes that *Walkabout* speaks. Mr. Roeg has painted an extraordinary landscape, blazing, enormous; and his desert really is a red desert; the sand burns brick-red. From the crests which the castaways climb the boy thinks he is looking at the sea; but it is only an arid plain in which hoarded acacia creatures, nightmarish in their armoured skins, slide away at human approach. And fondly the camera observes the lizards,

the porcupines, the eagles, all the living things which haunt the dry scrub or the crags. The very sounds of the desert are desiccated. Everything, even John Barry's evocative music, rustles and scrapes; the ghostly chattering and whispering which you hear as the child sleep is the voice of birds stripping a tree naked. But it is on the images of solitude and drought that the film first depends as setting for this fable of the human condition. And fable it is: the girl in her uniform of hat, blouse, skirt and stockings carrying with her in the deadly situation the precepts proper to the nursery and the schoolroom. Jenny Agutter gives a nicely balanced performance as a young girl shouldering responsibility, never quite betraying her fears; Lucien John as the child too young to understand his danger, charmingly carried on as if totally unaware of the camera. The dialogue between the two is admirably spare; logical with the stubborn logic of childhood, repeatedly bringing reminders of an ordered life, it points the contrast with the life which they will presently (and temporarily) accept.

For the heart of the film is in their encounter with the Aborigine boy (David Gumpili) who rescues and teaches them that the desert, like the jungle, is neutral. He survives in it by

killing. But unlike the white men with their trucks and guns he kills a lizard or a bird simply to eat. He is innocent in the savagery of this hunting, innocent in his ritual, despairing courtship of the frightened girl. And with his arrow-body and his pleased, interested face, nostrils flaring, he is also beautiful. Mr. Roeg has drawn from him a deeply likeable performance. One might almost call it tragic.

Edited by Antony Gibbs and Alan Patillo, *Walkabout* moves with a notable range of pace, fast in the moments of sporadic recall as the girl remembers the car and the shots, slowly in the idyllic passages when rescuer and rescued swim and play and talk together in languages incomprehensible to the one to the other. Nicolas Roeg, you may remember, was co-director on that ferocious study of the demonic, *Performance*. With *Walkabout* you might say that he has sometimes been carried away by the pleasures of his medium: too many fast-backs, too many elegantly dissolving landscapes. But the film is rich enough, especially at a second look, to make you forget the flaws. You are left with the impression of a fresh, powerful and humane imagination.

One can't, of course, entirely avoid going on about Ingmar Bergman. And there are new elements in *The Touch*. For the

first time this dislikeable, superbly endowed director has made a film in English dialogue. He has employed as one of three chief figures an American player (Elliott Gould). And up to a point it is a love-story rather than the usual hate-story. A contented couple, long married and living in a small Swedish town, incautiously admit an American archaeologist to their friendship; in no time at all the wife is in bed with him and, before getting down to the normal business of contemporary cinema, apologising for the size of her breasts and bottom—an unnecessary apology since the actress (Bibi Andersson) looks enchanting with or without her clothes. She acts exquisitely; as the long-suffering husband who at last delivers an ultimatum Max von Sydow presents a portrait, at once cold and fine-drawn, of domestic man. But whether because the script is inconsequent or because Mr. Gould, floundering in violence, sexuality and insolence, loses his footing in Bergman country, one can't believe a word. Human relations are undermined, significantly the carved wooden Virgin found after 800 years wallied up in the church is being eaten by larvae supposed to be extinct. In the end love is not the basis of the story. Love is the intruder, love is the destroyer. We are back on the old round.

AT THE Warner West End, a thriller tautly directed by Alan J. Pakula, *Kluge* (Technicolor; X). Department, sex-section, kinky. Jana Fonda brings her controlled nervous tension to the part of a call-girl who finds intellectual pleasure in the psychological manipulation of her clients; with his long mournful face Donald Sutherland, as the unswerving but romantically vulnerable private detective, is the right bloodhound. Persuasive script by Andy and Dave Lewis; elegantly muted Technicolor; high in its class.

AT THE Plaza, an Italian-Yugoslav co-production, *The Deserter* (Technicolor; AA; with Bekim Fehmiu and John Huston), an Eastern Western. The savagery of the final massacre of the Apaches suggests Italian tastes; that apart, a reproduction looks for once like the real thing. But in the genre, Burt Kennedy. Pretty good, in fact.

BASED on a Mary Norton book, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* (Odeon, Leicester Square; colour; U) is standard Disney—live action children, an ingenious but overactive cartoon, a decent bit of ballet, some trick stuff with David Tomlinson repeatedly being turned into a white rabbit. Or rather this story of an amateur witch studying to save England from the Nazis would be standard Disney if it were not for a beguiling performance by Angela Lansbury. Good, anyway, for the kiddie in all—well, in most of us.

On the edge of discovery

PHYSICS AND BEYOND by Werner Heisenberg, translated from the German by Arnold J. Pomerans/Allen & Unwin £3 pp 264

WILLIAM COOPER

At first, I was deeply alarmed. I had the feeling that, through the surface of atomic phenomena, I was looking into a strangely beautiful interior and felt almost giddy at the thought that I now had to probe this wealth of mathematical structures nature had so generously spread out before me.

I'VE CHOSEN this extract from *Physics and Beyond* because to me it's a compelling description of what it's like to stand on the edge of discovery in theoretical physics, while it gives a beautiful insight into the interior of the writer, Werner Heisenberg, whose formulation of the Uncertainty Principle was at the time crucial to the development of quantum mechanics and subsequently necessary to any philosophical consideration of causality and determinism.

He subtitles his book *Memories Of A Life In Science*, and organises it in terms of encounters and conversations during periods between 1919 and 1965. It is extraordinary and fascinating, however much or little one knows about physics.

"Science is made by men," Heisenberg begins. His encounters and conversations are between the men who were making the theoretical physics of the golden age of atomic science, 1927-1932.

A surprising number of them were Germans: among them Albert Einstein towered like a god, a god from without, contrasting with the Dane, Niels Bohr, who towered like a god from within. Most of the conversations up to 1937 have as their starting point the epistemological and philosophical bases of quantum theory, and then range into such subjects as music, religion, pragmatism, positivism.

But this doesn't mean the men are not saying things we can all think about—Einstein obstinately refusing to assimilate the notions of indeterminacy, saying, "God does not throw dice," and Bohr teaching his coopt of complementarity, saying, "The opposite of a correct statement is a false statement. But the opposite of a profound truth may well be another profound truth."

"Incidentally, the conversations do not profess to be recorded, realistic dialogue—"So-and-so must have said something like this," is the principle. However, they are interspersed with

heavenly, realistic descriptions of the landscape. In 1933, the golden age begins to fade. It begins to turn out that nature has been over-generous with the mathematical structures: they proliferate away from the central order that every-one is seeking. Meanwhile Nazism makes its appearance and German science is disrupted. Individual Behaviour In The Face Of Political Disaster (1937-1941) is poignant and frightening—though, oddly, it seems to carry less weight. The dialogues take on more familiar subjects—moral responsibility, what to do.

But after the War they gradually revert, though in a different mood, to the fundamental issue in theoretical physics, the search for a unified field theory. There is a moving account of the time in 1927 when Pauli thought he was getting the answer—and then died. Did he fail to get there because he was dying, or did he die because he was failing? You can see why it's an extraordinary and fascinating book.

PAPERBACK SHORT LIST

Lyttelton Strachey: a Biography by Michael Holroyd (Penguin). Lyttelton Strachey and the Bloomsbury Group by Michael Holroyd (50p). Queen Victoria and Edward VII by Lyttelton Strachey (50p each). A splendid Penguin quartet. Whether Lyttelton Strachey as biographer and critic would rate such extensive treatment is open to question. His lucid, readable reading is this pair of his books is. As a man, a member of an extraordinary family and a figure in that inveterate culture-group, Bloomsbury, he justifies every one of Mr. Holroyd's candid and amazing pages, not a little revised and divided into two complementary books which will surely enthrall many a winter evening.

Wilderness and Plenty by Sir Frank Fraser Darling (Penguin, 50p). The 1960s Belts Lectures, attractively presented and eminently readable. A brilliant socialist long the Bloomsbury word became fashionable. Sir Frank makes no attempt to blind with science, but in simple, direct language considers man's place in the environment, the dangers of abuse of technology and the possibilities for future conservation of our resources.

Flaubert by Enid Starkie (Pelican, 40p). The late Dr. Starkie's gift for making scholarship readable often aroused donnish hackles; as with her "Baudelaire" (also in Pelican). "Flaubert," the Making of The Master, is a work of love by an outstandingly gifted writer. Her recommendations of the posthumous second volume, "Flaubert the Master" (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) will be published later this month.

The Devil Drives by Fawn M. Brodie (Penguin, 40p). Biography of the explorer Sir Richard Burton issued to coincide with the BBC TV series *The Search for Richard Burton*. A little about all, through Africa. A little in approach, but the story compensates for the style.

W. B. Yeats by Joseph Home (Pelican, 40p). First published in 1945, four years after Yeats' death, and written with Mrs. Yeats' help, still the standard work. The political, dramatic, poetical and mystical aspects of the strange Irish genius are well matched, and the critical passages are admirable.

Paper Lion by George Plimpton (Hodder, 40p). Military history, popularly written in the best sense, of a First World War disaster. The original Mesopotamian campaign was designed simply to protect the Arabian oil complex from Turkish seizure; insane personal ambition drove Major-General Townshend to mount an inland venture up the Tigris. In atrocious conditions, against a strong enemy, he and his Anglo-Indian forces were defeated.

As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning (30p); A Rose for Winter (30p) by Laurie Lee (Penguin). The older Mr. Lee takes the London Road from Gloucestershire in 1924, scrapes a living with a violin and a pickaxe. "The Road" is the richly poetic story of his first love affair with that former country, culminating in the First World War. "Rose for Winter" marks his return, 15 years later, in six essays on and around Andalusia.

A Very Private Life by Michael Aron (Penguin, 20p). A Fairy Story of the Future? cold comedy in Mr. Aron's vision of Uncanny, the little girl who will be born into a world where every desire is instantly gratified, save primitive human warmth and contact. A morality along "Brave New World" lines.

The Rucker Shop by Keith Waterhouse (Penguin, 30p). The trendy Sixties—rather their fringe hangers-on—demolished. Randy women, cheap con-men, talentless boys scramble for a place in the theatre, the anti-trade, glossy journalism, wherever. Very repellent, but extremely readable.

A Song and Dance by P. J. Ravagh (Penguin, 30p). The poet's first novel—effectively itself a prose poem. Beatrice and Colin have a private, Utopian vision, a cause for singing and dancing, that arises from their love and defies the dark world outside. Largely succeeds in the difficult job of making happiness plausible.

The Upper Pleasure Garden by Gordon M. Williams (Mayflower, 40p). The pleasure garden in the seaside resort of Hampstead where young Andrew ("Ming") Mendes is wont to seduce, crudely but satisfactorily, the bird of the moment. Working hours he's a very bright, unscrupulous newspaperman indeed for the local paper. Compulsive about regional journalism and parish-pump politics.

The record of Kent

ON MAY 1, 1970, the newspapers carried reports of President Nixon's planned military intervention in Cambodia. The immediate and unplanned consequence in America was military intervention on many university campuses.

This book is a record of those four days as seen from Kent State. Nobody should be deterred from reading about what is perhaps the ultimate modern American tragedy. None of the four who died could be classed as extremists (one was actually destined for a military career) though each, in varying degrees, exhibited a common disgust with the American war effort in South-East Asia. Some of the Guard men who shot them down actually shared this disgust but after three days of clumsy handling with the kids something snapped. In the last analysis they preferred to look ugly rather than ridiculous. But what emerges with painful clarity is that both sides were victims of a polarisation.

In a book spanning 550 pages much else emerges besides, though like most investigations in width not all of it is of even quality. But the cast of characters is riveting enough. There is the upper-middle-class girl daughter of an engineer on the Nautilus, whose father taught her how to make atom bombs "for fun." There is the mother of three Kent students who felt that things might have been better resolved if all the students (including her offspring) had been shot. There is the black student leader who, when asked why there was hardly a single black face among the thousands of students assembled before the shooting, replied simply: "What was the difference? Education. We had learned."

As luck (if that's the word) would have it the shooting occurred within the immediate vicinity of Kent's school of journalism and the talents of that faculty have been liberally used in assembling the data for this volume. Little of what happened on the university side of the argument is lost. Mr. Michener, however, has been less successful in penetrating the curtain of secrecy which was drawn around the twenty-eight guardsmen who actually fired the shots. There is scope for further investigation. There is scope too for a less didactic work. Mr. Michener has an eminent track-record as a journalist and an excellent back to Tales of the South Pacific (on which the musical "South Pacific" was based) through "Sayonara" and "Hawaii" (now published by Corgi, 75p) but he seems out of touch with his raw material this time. His habit of writing every sentence with severe grandfathersly judgments makes this book easier to put down than it ought to be. One is grateful to him for doing the initial spadework but the Kent State tragedy has yet to find the chronicler it deserves.

Royal addresses

THE THIRD VOLUME OF Roger Fulford's edition of the correspondence between Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, published by Duckworth (Evans £4 pp 346).

SELECTS like its predecessors about one-quarter of the whole. The letters with few exceptions are published for the first time, and they yield the most vivid and substantial of continuing evidence of the personalities of mother and daughter.

"If I had Mama as a merit," the Queen wrote, "it is that of truth and the absence of all flattery," and the future German empress opened her mind with equal uninhibited confidence. Although tormented, for example, by an inability to cease rejoicing over Prussian victories in the war against Austria which she considered a crime, she dismayed her mother by advocating the necessity of a Franco-Prussian war three years before its actual outbreak. Confessing that her heart and head had been "set at right-angles," she concluded that the great united Empire of Germany will never consolidate itself in peace.

Queen Victoria's unpredictability is an inexhaustible delight. "There are positions," she told her daughter, "which require due to the absence of them. In this country has led to a total want of all civility and high tone among men, and to a very bad tone among women." Disillusioned about education, she warned the Princess not to try to teach her sons "too much. Nothing is gained by it and it weakens their brains. We found this." After quietly regretting that the Princess of Wales was a blonde and not a brunette, because "that constant fair hair and blue eyes makes the mood so lymphatic," she greeted the birth of a fourteenth grandchild, Victoria of Wales, with the tart comment—"a very uninteresting thing, for it seems to me to go on like the rabbits in Windsor Park."

The Queen, who often criticised upper-class materialism, was shocked by symptoms of "that terrible Prussian pride" which her grandson, William, began early to display. "In our days," she wrote, "when a Prince can only maintain his position by his character, pride is most dangerous. And then, besides, I do feel so strongly that

SATURDAY 4
Jehane Markham

I discovered with sadness That all men have the same expressions. It saddened me I thought They could be different but Even the hands New hands which I love Even these Hold my head with the same tenderness.

Mind-blowing

DEREK JEWELL

IT WAS a beautiful occasion, the return of Benny Goodman to the Albert Hall. The nostalgia and the aura of comfortable middle age about last weekend's audience was expected; so was the foot-tapping and finger-popping. Less predictable was the fervour—five encores and a final standing ovation which plainly shook Goodman—and the way his clarinet-playing has retained its skill and swing and surprise.

At first he rode easily, teasing us with gentle quintet sounds and mazy introductions before unleashing the dimpled familiarities of "Sweet Georgia Brown" or "Memories of You" but as the evening proceeded his tone grew hotter and his playing ever more audacious, building towards a really riotous "One O'clock Jump." Even on ballads, with the band sometimes playing rich plum-cake music (select fannell dance, 1940s vintage), Goodman's clarinet would slice through the sound like a knife.

The British musicians backed him nobly, especially the mighty Bobby Orr on drums, Bob Efford on tenor saxophone, and the whole trumpet section, who variously caught the tones of Harry James, Ziggy Elman and Cootie Williams. The only element which was missing—and need it be?—was the wild vibraphone equivalent of Lionel Hampton.

Suddenly, there is much more big-band music around. Ellington, Harry James and Buddy Rich are usually with albums to match. Goodman himself has his latest albums on a Decca double album ("Benny Goodman Today" £2.49) and a selection from Benny Rich's last few LPs, very hard-swinging, with a tinge of rock in the rhythms, is available on "The Best of Buddy Rich" (United Artists, £2.05p).

In California, meantime, Stan Kenton continues steadfastly to bring out his collected works. The latterday vogue of putting down Kenton could be sharply reversed with these compilations, which his own money has made possible. Tired of the record companies, he has formed his own label, The Creative World of Stan Kenton, and a staggering number of albums are pouring forth (writ to Creative World Inc., Box No. 55216, Los Angeles, California 90035, for catalogue).

The two latest albums, "Back to Balboa" and "Kenton at the Las Vegas Tropicana," come from the 1958-59 period, with wonderful arrangements by Gene Roland, Marty Paich, Johnny Richards and others. In its blend of dramatic orchestration, excitement and dashing original ensemble tone colourings, this is music of the highest quality, a unique part of the jazz heritage.



Ariane Mnouchkine (right) rehearses the Théâtre du Soleil at the Roundhouse in "1789"

THE REVOLUTION'S MAID

NOBODY wrote "1789," the play about the French Revolution that's being performed at London's Roundhouse next week, although there's a text and even an English translation. It's a product, you might say, of revolutionary groupthink engineered by members of the Théâtre du Soleil, and riveted together by the group's founder and director, Ariane Mnouchkine.

It was five months in the making, and most of this year it has been driving crowds—1,500 at a time—to derelict armaments factory at Vincennes, a long Metro and bus ride from Paris, where the Théâtre set up shop. There's nothing like it in Britain. The equivalent, perhaps, would be if several dozen students from London University took over an abandoned bicycle factory at Wembley and siphoned off West End audiences for months at a time. It could, conceivably, happen. But what they would need to do that would be to be a person, but a catalyst of genius.

She detests being interviewed. She's a member, she insists, of a group. But there is little doubt that without Mnouchkine the group would not exist. She's thirty-two, tall and slender, with a crop of tight, iron-grey curls like astrakhan. Her mother was English, her father Franco-Oxford. In 1958 she came to Oxford to learn English, became involved in Anthony Page's production of *Coriolanus*, and decided there and then that she was for the theatre.

"I didn't want to act, nothing like that. When I returned to France I found there was no student theatre, so I created one at the Sorbonne. That was the nucleus of the Théâtre du Soleil. We started with nine people in 1964. Now there are forty-two. We were a completely amateur group. We did jobs in the daytime and rehearsed every night from seven until midnight. Naturally, we had no theatre.



We worked in a circus where we did a production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen*. That was the moment, I'd say, when we ceased to be amateur. But we were thrown out, and for two years we had nowhere of our own to work.

"1789" came about when the group decided that they would create a play about the French Revolution, year one, and we wanted to illuminate the period. In any case, to understand the student revolution of 1968 you first have to understand the events of 1789. I would not say that the Théâtre is actually political, but potentially activist. Perhaps, but not really political.

The distinction is a fine example of bait-spitting, and peculiarly French. But there's a nice irony in the fact that the Théâtre du Soleil subsists largely on a government grant, and their work has been designated as a national treasure. The group's politics—whatever their politics—is considered worthy of export.

Whether or not the grant will continue is another matter. Mnouchkine is keeping her fingers crossed. "We're not rich. The company is a co-operative—not a commune because we don't wish to force that fact on to anyone before they are ready for it. We all get the same money. We work together all the time. We choose not to make films, or do television. At present it would interfere with the pattern of rehearsal. But we will have to wait and see what happens. After all, we have what we most need—a big space and a rehearsal room. For the rest... we can only hope."

There's one great advantage; we have it on a very low rent.

There are, of course, other advantages. "1789" is not performed on a single stage but on five rotas planted among the audience. The Revolution boils up at your elbow as you stand and watch. You become a participant—celebrating when the Bastille falls, disenchanted when the revolution is gently fished from the hands of the People (invariably, labels are worn), and sit aside as a spectacle for the Bourgeoisie.

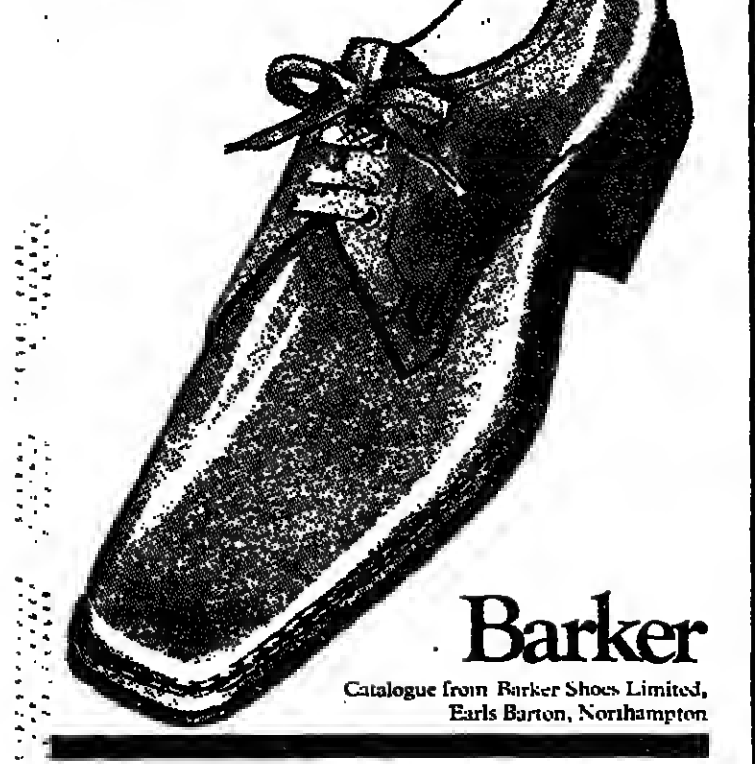
The parallels with the troubles of 1968 are plain to see. But Mnouchkine denies that this was planned. "It's not our fault that the play draws parallels. That was not our intention. We merely wanted to illuminate the period. In any case, to understand the student revolution of 1968 you first have to understand the events of 1789. I would not say that the Théâtre is actually political, but potentially activist. Perhaps, but not really political."

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Tricky stitchery

ties it up Dunkley is bold. Just look at that purposeful stitching along the feather and up the quarter. All done by hand. What else do you expect from Barker? Apart from all leather soles? And brown "Old Clobber" craft finish? And a price tag of around £10-75?



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It's something else again

RADIO □ JEREMY RUNDALL

LORD GEORGE BROWN is nothing if not a generous man. So I trust he will forgive me if I compare his new Sunday persona with that of the late Rector of Stiffkey.

Not that he's been unfrocked or anything unseemly. But, like that versatile clergyman, he's largely succeeded in changing his job to become an excellent circus performer: I pray that, unlike the Rector, he shall not be devoured by lions. I can't think on what principle he picked his guests for *It's Something Else*: today, for his closing session before Robert Morley takes over, they are to be Diane

Cilento and Graham Hill. But last week Peter Ustinov was an inspired choice; if at times it was hard to remember which was the professional comic and which the former Foreign Secretary, so much the better. Politics might be all the bappler for a bit of Footlism, and the programme certainly give advance light relief to all those polysyllabic Labour Conference reports.

Last Sunday also gave us a moving little cameo play by Peter Terson on Radio 3. *The Fishing Party*. A colleague has dismissed as caricatures the three beds miners trying to act all genteel during a weekend stay at a

superior seaside boarding house. Maybe so; but there was depth to them too; warmth and much humanity in the little vignettes where they cohabited up a chip shop waitress, got scasked on brown ale and ozone, played furive three-card brag in a bed room, and gently sentimental, perhaps, but caricatured—no.

It is radio no longer officially an art form. The new Wednesday programme on Three, Arts commentary, aims to deal "in depth" with music, theatre, ballet, literature and (in its first crammed edition, presented by Philip Oakes) film. TV, too, but nothing about radio itself. Why?

Corydon in Croydon

MAURICE by E. M. Forster/Edward Arnold £2
CYRIL CONNOLLYof independent means. Was it a failure of nerve? It looks like it. He continued to work on the novel all his life.

Forster is closer to Gide than is any other English writer (see his remarks on Les Faux Monnayeurs) and even Gide had been shocked by the outspokenness of Proust; his "Corydon" (written in 1911, published in 1923), a Socratic dialogue, is merely a biological defence of homosexuality, and a student would have had difficulty in finding a novel which told us what homosexuals actually do.

Maurice however, is not true to Forster's principle of introducing key-events in an off-hand way at the breakfast-table. It is a direct narrative, written with sustained lyricism, and shows the quality of a novelist at the height of his powers: it would have been well able to take its place between "Howard's End" and "A Passage to India" as a long short story or short novel in a vein of comedy absent from the others.

But by now the element of daring is fatal, like foxing on a book. It's not all that important, but one can't ignore it. We can make allowances for what dates if it was once contemporary, even as the faded pages were once immaculate, but there's something artificial when a book is born dated.

Two things date: the language, especially the language of love,

and the platonic ragging and romping of those two splendid fellows—Maurice Hall, the suburban hearty, and Clive Durham, the sensitive young squire, both "varsity" men as Maurice puts it. Fellows romp in "Look Back in Anger" you might say—or in the Embassies of Maurice Baring, the consulates of Graham Greene, or in the well-dressed platoon of the ebullient baronet, school of fiction, roust wrestled with Albertine. Perhaps it's what they say:

"Waou that burst!" cried the other joyously. "Waou! Waou! Shut up, I'm going." He fell between Maurice's knees. "Well, why don't you go if you're going?"

"Because I can't go." "It was the first time he had dared to play with Durham. There was nothing but ragging for many days after that."

Sexual terminology, once dated, is often very odd. "Spending" and "swiving" are cases in point, even "pleasuring" and "yarding"—but what about "sharing," apparently a working-class word since it is first used by the amorous young gamekeeper who replaces the stuffed-shirt young squire as the lover of suburban Maurice? "I do long to talk with one of my arms round you then place both arms round you and share with you."

he writes, and Maurice asks his hypnotist doctor (who would have been his analyst ten years later).

"You mean that a Frenchman could share with a friend and yet not go to prison?" Share? Do you mean unity?" replies the Physician. "If both are of age and avoid public indecency certainly."

Maurice's mother lived near London, in a comfortable villa, among some pines. His father is dead, he has two sisters, he will go into the family business (stockbroking). He is a hearty who plays rugger at a dull public school and goes up to a dull college; it is never made clear why he is homosexual and when he falls in love with Clive Durham, the brilliant senior fastidious "apostle-type" of undergraduate, friend of the sinister Risley (Lytton Strachey), it is Durham who would seem the true homosexual. Maurice the temporary one, like many an easy-going athlete who falls in with the homosexual mores of a university before going on to marry his best friend's sister.

It is part of Forster's art that it is not a narrative but a person who turns out to be the incurable with considerable irony. Durham could not wait. People

were all around them, but with eyes that had gone intensely blue he whispered "I love you." Maurice was scandalised, horrified. He was shocked to the bottom of his suburban soul and exclaimed, "Oh, rot! Durham, you're an Englishman, I'm another. Don't talk nonsense. I'm not offended, because I know you don't mean it, but it's the only subject absolutely beyond the limit as you know, it's the worst crime in the calendar."

But two years later Durham is writing to him "Against my will I have become normal. I cannot help it while Maurice is blurring out to his family doctor 'I'm an unspeakable of the Oscar Wilde sort' and Dr Barry replies 'never let that evil hallucination, that temptation from the devil, occur to you again.' Clive marries (can it be unintentional when the Master makes him say 'Anne's dear little hole may grow in the night?') and Maurice finds physical satisfaction for the first time, aged 24, with Clive's uninhibited young gamekeeper, Alec Scudder, with whom he resolves to live happily ever after.

Forster mentions that Lytton Strachey (the real one) wrote to him that this affair was based only on lust and curiosity and could not last more than six weeks, but Forster, who had met Edward Carpenter and listened to his Whitmanesque theories, was convinced that his ending must be happy and that the two friends must affront society and go into exile together.

Since Forster kept on revising his book and has left us some notes on his characters, who belonged "to an England where it was still possible to get lost, to the last moment of the green-wood" one must give him the benefit of the doubt for every moment when we are tempted to scoff. Platonic love between men was for long the backbone of empire, it was bred with responsibility, honesty, and leadership in the public schools, and it is had taken the whole latency period (which could last a lifetime) out of cold storage since those Cambridge summers which he describes so nostalgically.

Much more dates, too—the serene, class-consciousness of the "Varsity" men, their dreadful mothers and sisters patronising the servants, even the poor.

"They haven't our feelings. They don't suffer as we should in their place." Anne looked disapproving but she felt she had entrusted her hundred pounds to the right kind of stockbroker.

The story opens with a brilliant vignette of Maurice among ushers, at his prep school, being instructed in the facts of life. It closes in his duel for the soul of the gamekeeper with Clive's newly appointed rector, the Reverend Mr. Borenius, who proclaims that:

"Where there is heresy immorality will sooner or later ensue. Until all sexual irregularities and not a single of them are penal the Church will never reconquer England."

Happy days! "It was a dinner jacket evening—not tails because they would only be three."

CRIMINAL RECORDS □ EDMUND CRISPIN

The Warsaw Document by Adam Hall (Heinemann £2). Taut, sophisticated story, crammed with bluff and double-bluff, about agent Quiller at work in Poland. In his determination to avoid the obvious, Mr Hall sometimes lapses into temporary incomprehensibility, but in general he writes wonderfully excitingly, his throwaway knowledgeability, masculine prose and skill in devising breathtaking action sequences all contributing strongly to what looks like being the thriller of the year.

The Wall of Glass by Desmond Meiring (Hodder £1.60). Moderate Jewish politician, in 1934 in Palestine, is shot dead on Tel Aviv beach by extremist Jewish Jews. A long and complex trial, under the British Mandate, ends unsatisfactorily, one of the murderers, however, being in the end killed during the commotions attendant on the establishment of the State of Israel. Sober, thoughtful thriller with lucidly defined political background.

Vulture in the Sun by John Bingham (Gollancz £1.50). In Cyprus, a small, racist British Intelligence Unit, a callistolic and depicted, works to prevent an assassination which may trigger off a full-scale Greco-Turkish war. Characteristically able but rather low on tension.

No More Dying Than by Ruth Rendell (Hutchinson £1.60). Some may not mind the way in which Inspector Burden's a matory agonising constantly hold up the plot; I myself regret them. Two children disappear, one being eventually found strangled, and Superintendent Wexford copes with his alarmingly high blood pressure, as well as with Burden's neurotic uselessness, for long enough to produce an unexpected murderer.

A Grave Affair by Shelley Smith (Hamish Hamilton £1.75). "A Novel of Suspense," say the publishers, but in fact it's a sedate affair about a Cabinet Minister who foolishly tries to cover up the murder of his mistress (which he himself hasn't committed) in order not to jeopardise, by scandal, the Arab-Israeli negotiations in which he is acting as mediator. Well written and steadily interesting.

The Dancing Man by P. M. Hubbard (Macmillan £1.50). Retiree, thoughtful account of an amateur climber's inexplicable disappearance near the ruins of Llanglas Abbey, where a prehistoric standing stone still central to local superstition, has had its exorcising cross transformed into the phallic figure of the title. Effectively understated, grues, gentle

seduction of an appealing virgin no longer young, macabre finale. The Organization by David Anthony (Collins £1.40). Stanley Bass, professional gambler and part-time private eye, conspires with file fotole Brandy Kirkpatrick to hijack Vegas profits, finds himself double-crossed, and swaps identities with a Marine to protect himself from cops and mobsters while hunting down Brandy and establishing his innocence of murder. Good tough thriller, laced with the usual sexual misconduct.

The Wrong Turning by T. E. B. Clarke (Hale £1.20). Elder statesman's secretary, bored to distraction by post-shooting political memoirs, gangs up with an upstairs girl in ingenious plan to steal statesman's wife's jewels with subsequent impunity; but a horrid poeic justice snares both of them in the end. Neatly devised, smoothly told and agreeably ironic.

A Question of Time by Heleco McCloy (Gollancz £1.60). Polished Bostonian whodunit about an Italian girl, an heiress, who is rather chancily murdered, when a heavy Goya falls off the wall and clumps her on the head. Interesting characters compensate to some extent for a too-easily-predictable unmasking.

AT LAST, E. M. Forster's "unpublishable" homosexual novel, about which we have been hearing for some forty years.

It was written in 1913-14, the period was 1912. It could not, of course, have been published then, a mere twenty years after the Oscar Wilde affair, or in the Twenties when Radclyffe Hall's Lesbian novel, The Well of Loneliness, got into such trouble, or in the Thirties—except abroad; and there would seem something rather underhand about publishing abroad a book that is so gloriously English, as it had something in common with Proust or Gide or Joyce—or Lady Chatterley. And in the Forties? That would have been doing Joechels' work—and after that, when Forster had become the Sacred Maiden Aunt of English letters, Keeper of the Bloomsbury Conscience, it might have damaged his image as writing.

Even in 1980 he is writing: "Happiness is its keynote—by which the way has had an unexpected result: it has made the book more difficult to publish. Unless the Wolfenden Report becomes law, it will probably have to remain in manuscript. The Wolfenden Report, be it said, would be indefinitely rejected, police prosecutions would continue. It might have struck him that the lot of the consenting adult could well have been improved and legislation even been undertaken much earlier if he had published his story when it was written or at least in the Twenties or Thirties. Public opinion would have had to take note of it and Forster, though he might have suffered some obloquy, had nothing to lose, being, like Gide and Proust,

encounter in Marrokesh, 1938: a photograph from "The World of George Orwell" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson £3.75 pp 150), eighteen essays about Orwell, edited by Miriam Gross, some by experts coming in cool blood what he said in (Raymond Carr on Orwell and Spain), some by young writers fingering the curious past (Ian Hamilton and D. A. N. Jones). The best things are fresh, respected glimpses of his childhood, and personal recollections by T. R. Fyfe and Michael Meyer, and the photographs too, which show not only Orwell and assorted friends, but the world in which he moved, from the Eton Wall Game to Wigan Pier and Catalonia and the house on Jura.

Comedy beside the grave

NOVEL from Albania, like mail Kadare's The General of the Dead Army, might be expected to be straightforward, a crude, overly propagandist, is pleasure to find Kadare, who apparently writes in French, but lives and works in his own country) delicately aware of all sorts of nuances in thought and feeling. He has written a novel, but one carefully and intelligently shaped as art.

An Italian General is sent to Albania to repatriate the bones of the troops buried there during the war. Preparations for this mission have been made in great detail, with elaborate lists drawn up by the War Ministry. A priest accompanies the General, the Albanians provide an expert who arranges the bones. Bone sizes are measured, medals carried by every soldier are checked out against the lists, together with dental and other details. But things don't go smoothly. It proves difficult to sort out Albanian bones from those of Italian partisans, a whole day is wasted in digging up an unwanted British pilot, at one point all the graves have been opened up already by a German general engaged on a similar mission. The diggers are some-

THE GENERAL OF THE DEAD ARMY by Ismail Kadare, translated from the French by Derek Coltman/W H Allen £2
THE BLOOD ORANGES by John Hawkes/Chatto & Windus £2
BOTH YOUR HOUSES by James Barlow/Hamish Hamilton £2
IN ALL GOOD FAITH by James Barlow/Tom Stacey £1.75
DANDO ON DELHI RIDGE by William Clive/Macmillan £1.95
JULIAN SYMONS

times hostile, the expert turns out to be impossible to find, the bones of Colonel Z, the loved (but by the natives hated) commander of the Blue Battalion. The temptation to play all this up for easy irony is resisted. The mission is treated with a sort of Gothic seriousness that is very effective, and Kadare's concern is with the effect of the ex-peditions on the General's scale of values. When he reads the diary of an Italian deserter who worked for an Albanian farmer, he dismisses its wistful idealism as the droolings of a sentimental idiot, but in the end he is shaken. A grotesque final scene finds him quarrelling with the priest, getting drunk with his German counterpart, and proposing that the bones of a German soldier shall be substituted for those of

Colonel Z. The Colonel was undoubtedly tall for an Italian, and the Germans have unearthed plenty of tall men. What does it matter, after all? The macabre and the comic are not often blended so successfully, particularly with the quality of sympathy for the General that emerges slowly in the book.

The Blood Oranges is about a clash between Epicurean and Puritan views of life, seen in specifically sexual terms. John Hawkes' narrator Cyril thinks of himself as a "sex-singer," a man of feeling who believes that the only enemy of the mature marriage is monogamy. On some unidentified Mediterranean shore called only Myria, he and his wife Fiona play a game of changing partners with one-armed Hugh and his large placid wife Catherine. None of them is any longer young—they are, as Cyril puts it, "a quartet of tall and large-boned idlers aged in the wood," and Hugh refuses to play the game. He resists Fiona and clamps a chastity belt, rather late in the day, on Catherine. At the end of the book he bangs himself. Catherine loses her reason. Fiona goes off with the children of Hugh and Catherine, and Cyril is left alone, a desolate figure writing this piece of self-conscious self-justification.

Unfortunately the self-consciousness is not confined to Cyril. Mr Hawkes writes admirably, phrase by phrase and page by page, but at the length of a book his style has a feathered softness that becomes enervating. A particular temperament is on display, a temperament that finds sensual pleasure in gesture and colour and form rather than in explicit sexual acts, but although this is made clear, Cyril is never anything less than a crashing bore. This is not to say that the book is boring too, but certainly a shift at some point from the over-civilised attitude of Cyril to some more angular

viewpoint would have been welcome.

James Barlow has two new novels published in the same week, which is perhaps some kind of record. Both Your Houses is set in Ulster at the present time, or at least during the present troubles, and is about a doomed love affair between an English soldier and an Irish girl. In All Good Faith deals with the problems of a Pommie doctor in Tasmania who performs an abortion on a gang-raped girl and is put on trial for it.

Neither book has any pretension beyond popular entertainment, and on this level "Both Your Houses" uses the Ulster situation effectively as a background. The soldiers search for guns, sometimes pretty roughly (but sometimes the guns are there), some well-drawn Catholic moderates are balanced by a young thing devoted to violence. The soldiers search for guns, sometimes pretty roughly (but sometimes the guns are there), some well-drawn Catholic moderates are balanced by a young thing devoted to violence. The soldiers search for guns, sometimes pretty roughly (but sometimes the guns are there), some well-drawn Catholic moderates are balanced by a young thing devoted to violence.

A greater strain is imposed by the dialogue of "In All Good Faith," which often reminded me strongly of "Emergency Ward 10." "Didn't you feel a transient rise in the BP was alarming, an early warning of hypertension and the possibility of pre-emptive toxicology? Just the hook for hypochondriacs, who should read it together with a medical dictionary. Lastly, a paragraph of recommendation for Dando on Delhi Ridge, an unpromising novel about an English soldier's part in the Indian Mutiny. Rifleman Joseph Dando of the 60th Rifles is a tough Cockney, ignorant but sharp. His background, first as an orphan and then belowstairs in a Victorian family, is done with liveliness, and the Mutiny itself, bloody, random, and at first handled with no less inefficiency, is very vivid. William Clive has been both soldier and sailor. He obviously knows a lot about the Mutiny and about the ordinary soldier's life. This is a very lively, enjoyable book, rowdy and vigorous. Henty made plausible for us by a dash of Smollett.

SHORT REPORTS

The Green Pope by Miguel Angel Asturias, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa (Cape £3.60 pp 384). Second volume in a trilogy about the operations of American capitalism, as represented by a large firm, in Guatemala. The title company, an entrepreneur, George Maker Thompson, and his struggle to build an empire and then maintain control of it, inside Guatemala. The writing, always dense, often impressive, sometimes over-poetic is certainly distinctive. Asturias reads like a South American Faulkner.

powerful, thrillerish, intense and occasionally obscure.

Drustan the Wanderer by Anna Taylor (Longman £1.80). Historical romance based on the legend of Tristan and Yseult. Drustan is a rabbi who performs many battles and much journeying, is destined to fall passionately and fatally in love with the Princess Esyllt, his uncle, King Mark, for whom he has had to act as go-between. A vivid portrayal of the tug of love, loyalty and Christianity in a mostly pagan community.

More book reviews on the next page

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Our culture in danger

LIFE AND
LANGUAGE

GEORGE STEINER

BY HUGH
TREVOR-ROPER

IN 1948 T. S. Eliot published his *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture*. Even at the time, these "Notes" seemed somewhat dry and prim, for Eliot's ideal world was not merely elitist; it was also sectarian and life-diminishing. Today they seem even more remote. That book says Mr George Steiner in *Life and Language*: Some Notes towards the Re-definition of Culture (Faber £1.75), is "not attractive": it is "grey with the shock of recent barbarism, but a barbarism whose actual sources and forms the argument leaves fastidiously vague."

Therefore, in these T. S. Eliot Lectures which he delivered at the University of Keot, Mr Steiner took the opportunity to reconsider the problem: to re-define culture for a later generation, facing the issues which Eliot had evaded. For our culture, since 1948, has suffered further setbacks. It has not only, as in Eliot's day, been violated from without: it has also been sapped from within.

I have read Mr Steiner's book closely and with interest. It deserves close reading, for it is, he himself says, "a book of 'Notes'": "the product of a mind of exceptional acuteness." It also needs it, because it is written in a style which, if superficially read, is often unintelligible. But let no one be deceived by that superficial appearance. Mr Steiner has complete command of it. He also has something to say. Why then should he require us to labour over his words? What does he mean by "the product of a mind of exceptional acuteness"? Or by "the spent counters of enervating vision"? Or by "a marsh-gas" of "vacuity" which "thickens" at the "nerve-ends" of intellectual life, or by a past which drives "the 'real' into the 'imagined' mass" of the present and thereby "sows wild dreams"? It may be that today "our dialectics are binary": that "we lack a history of the future tense" (at least until Mr Steiner produces his new "phenomenology of grammar," and that much of "our mental performance" transpires in a middle zone of personal eclecticism. But before assenting to these propositions I would like to know what they mean.

And what, I ask, is the science of "ontology" to which Mr Steiner knowingly refers at least seven times? I am relieved, however, to learn that the ontological and hermeneutic aspects of the modulations between a language-culture and death, explored, for example, in Heidegger and Paul Ricoeur, are too demanding to be touched on here.

For this relief, much thanks. I emphasise this point about Mr Steiner's language because it is not only a major obstacle to the understanding of his ideas: it is also, if I understand it, essential to that thesis. For Mr Steiner is one of those writers who make high claims for language, seeing in it the central machinery of philosophy and life. That, no doubt, is why he so overcharges it, and why so many

of his terms and images—synopsis, lemma, polysemic, diacritic, etc.—are drawn from syntax and grammar. He is a decrier, a ritualist of language, and we laymen may be impatient of his devotion. Let me therefore turn to his thesis and try to disentangle it from the constructing bluntness upon which it is almost strangled.

Mr Steiner begins by recognising that the roots of present anti-culture are to be found in culture itself. Our modern nihilism is not the hatred of outer barbarians: it is the indirect product of the same culture which it challenges, an antibody naturally generated within it. This is not, by now, a novel position, and Mr Steiner's first chapter, in which he traces the development of such nihilism out of the "ennui" of the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie, is a brilliant and suggestive essay, though a historian might dissent from some of the more sweeping generalisations.

In his second chapter he goes further. Here he faces the shock of the Nazi holocaust, the ultimate realisation of earlier fantasies of destruction and its passive acceptance by society (he should say, by German society). With his particular answer to this problem, since it lies beyond proof and disproof, he will only say that, like all his work, it is intelligent and provocative. Any way to him, the cause of that barbarism is less important than its effect: the discredit it has brought upon the culture which generated it.

For precisely because Western culture could produce, out of itself, this monstrous thing, we can no longer look upon it with the old complacency. To our grandparents, the pre-existence of Western culture was axiomatic. Now the axiom has been reversed. European ideas are devalued. The art of darkest Africa, or the Stone Age, is preferred. Black is beautiful. Inherited traditions are a legacy to be discarded. The human mind is no longer humane. We no longer believe in progress, or in the function of an elite, its bearer. And we see, isolate and exaggerate the dark features upon which our own culture—like all culture—has rested.

Mr Steiner makes some very sensible observations on this fashionable reaction. Here his critical acumen is refreshingly clear. But he soon pants again for the more intoxicating streams of large generalisation, and in his last chapter he applies to his findings his own universal criterion of language. Our culture, he suggests, is now permanently broken because our language has been emptied of its inherited undertones. The fashionable reaction against traditional learning, "the organised amnesia" of modern education, have destroyed the intelligibility

of past literature, and "the unbroken arc of English poetry," from Chaucer to Eliot, has been pushed aside into the museum of the literary specialists, where "folk life" is replaced by "archival pseudo-vitality." This discontinuity, he says, is crucial: and regrettably bidding farewell to such now unintelligible works as *Lycidas*, with its outworn, unrecognisable allusions, he foresees a new era of "democratic" culture, dominated by mathematics and music: computer mathematics and pop music.

I share his regret, and if I despair of education—if I believed that present fashions were permanent and present folly irresistible—I might even acquiesce in his conclusion. However, I am not prepared so easily to abnegate my own function, and I would like to begin the rescue of our language, and of the literature which is linked to it, by appealing for a return to the ancient virtue of clarity. And I appeal with greater confidence because Mr Steiner's thesis is contradicted by his own practice.

For if *Lycidas* has become unintelligible to modern youth, who no longer recognise Virgilian echoes or Biblical allusions, how can they hope to understand the even harder recondite language which Mr Steiner tells them so?

Yet once more, o ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with myrtle never
I come to pluck your berries,
I come to pluck your berries,

When time has washed away all topical or literary allusions, these words will still, I think, be more intelligible than Mr Steiner's statement that "the ordered density of remembrance hinges on the principal categories of Indo-European pragmatism," and the alleged consequence, that "the time-death copula of a classic structure of personal and philosophic values is, in many respects, syntactic."

Similarly, I find the phrase "the door of the future" clearer, on the whole, than Mr Steiner's "explanation" of it: "I.e. relinquish the ontological axiom of historical progress." (I find these two "I.e."s delicious). Nor does Mr Steiner do much to help modern youth towards understanding those classical allusions whose loss he deplors. Having told his readers that "because it carries the past within it, language, unlike mathematics, draws backward" he adds the reason: "because it is the meaning of Eurycleia." On which I can only say, no less firmly, it isn't.

On one fundamental matter I agree with Mr Steiner. Like him, I regard language as important far beyond its more immediate utility. But whereas he sees danger mostly in the evacuation of literary language, I would argue that the corruption of clear language can be even more disastrous. For language is not only a mirror of thought, or a reflection of social forms: it is also an instrument of thought which, if perverted, can be a means of hypnosis or deception.

Nowhere has the academic perversion of language been carried further than in the German universities whence so much muddled philosophy has flowed over the Western world. I beg Mr Steiner to reflect, as a serious truth, that if German society so passively accepted the horrors perpetrated in its name, part of the reason lay not in an atavistic polytheism belatedly revolting against the inflexible command of Moses in the oasis of Kadesh, but in the cosy anaesthesia more recently introduced into inattentive minds, by pretentious jargon.

Lessons for the teachers

MAURICE KOGAN, formerly a senior official at the Department of Education, and now a professor of government, has gone back in the *Politics of Education* (Penguin Education 35p) to interview his previous political bosses, Edward Boyle and Anthony Crosland, the two most respected Education Ministers of the 1960s. A sensible introduction by Kogan himself offers a detailed answer to his respondents to his own questions.

This book isn't about education. It's about the machinery by which policy on education is formulated and administered, particularly in the central department. Taking each ministry, it unravels the complex contribution of prime ministers, parties, cabinets, other departments, civil servants, pressure groups, research and the minister himself in the process of shaping and implementing policy. It does this lucidly, if somewhat repetitively.

Most fascinating are the differences and similarities between the two ministries and ministers being analysed. Their style of answering seem so much to epitomise their style of acting. Boyle is diffuse and chews round a subject, but is shrewd and penetrating. He entered office without a grand strategy, but also with an absence of dogma, which enabled him to move pragmatically, responding openly to evidence and argument and to his instinctive humanity. The Conservative record of his two years was thus one of open-ended development: Newson and Robbins accepted; raising the school leaving age decided; Schools Council established; teacher supply improved; considerable expansion of expenditure.

Crosland, by contrast, is crisp, pithy and direct in his answers, more self-critical and witty, but sometimes less revealing. He arrived unexpectedly at Education in 1965 with a clear sense of the overall social purpose which detailed educational changes were to serve. Most impressive is his concentration on these basic issues in his brief term of office and his grasp of the process of decision-making and consultation.

Both of them found much in common: too little time in office to see through their policies; Prime Ministers and Cabinets basically unconcerned with educational issues; preoccupation with Treasury control, the Department of Education and

EDUCATION

EDWARD BOYLE
ANTHONY CROSLANDBY ROYSTON
LAMBERT

Science operating as a separate island. Indeed one important change charted in the book is the increasingly creative and active role of the DES since the Eccles Ministry of 1959-62.

Concerned with machinery, this book asks a fundamental question. Could the whole process be improved? What mistakes were made which, with hindsight,

could have been avoided? Has the whole proliferation of institutions and expenditure for which the two ministers were responsible been basically of value?

Two books published alongside this one in the same series, *School is Dead*, by Everett Reimer and *Compulsory Miseducation* by Paul Goodman (40p each) do ask this latter question, albeit in American terms and, in one case, from an unduly doctrinaire perspective. They conclude that educational institutions, particularly schools, are so much pernicious wastes of time or money. But to those of us who, working in the field with ordinary English children, have reached the same conclusion, their woolly alternatives offer nothing constructive.

As some of us begin to despair of most schools, not institutions or settings for the development of the human young, which threaten to undermine the whole of the ponderous monolith of institutions and educational law, the book by the two authors, who have reached the same conclusion, their woolly alternatives offer nothing constructive.

On The Other hand

Four months on the U.S. bestseller lists and still number three—that's *The Other*, just published by Cape at £1.75. A masterpiece of horror, suspense and atmosphere set in New England in the 'thirties, it's the first novel by actor Thomas Tryon (winner of two major awards for his starring role in *The Cardinal*). Film rights have been bought by 20th Century Fox, translation rights sold to 10 countries—including Brazil and Japan—and the book has been eulogized by fellow writers and critics alike. 'Horrific, with tremendous atmosphere' said Daphne du Maurier, while Ira Levin, author of that other spine-chiller *Rosemary's Baby* called it 'A humbling, an expertly written whirlpool of oh-my-God horror'. From the press have come such comments as 'Mesmerizing... it contains enough menace and suspense to chill the hottest hammock afternoon' (Life) and 'A Jamesian nightmare of insidious terror and madness' (Saturday Review).

New clothes for the Emperor

NAPOLEON

VINCENT CRONIN

BY RAYMOND
MORTIMER

more harm than good, because he imposed a rigid censorship and required the artist to churn out propaganda.

His extraordinary powers of intellect, concentration, imagination and memory gave him the makings of a supreme scientist, but were devoted to the pursuit of glory through conquest. His triumphs made him increasingly aggressive, intolerant of criticism, cynical and self-complacent. After skillfully playing off the Great Powers against one another, he thus finally united all of them against himself.

I am not suggesting that he was a mere adventurer intoxicated with personal ambition. He did see himself as a champion of the Enlightenment, a destroyer of feudalism, religious intolerance, serfdom and the use of torture. Yet he could never separate between his own interests and those of his country.

He had extraordinary charm, when he chose to use it, was considerate to his personal servants, genuinely attached to some of his marshals and fond of his own family and devoted to Josephine. He scribbled over and over again on scraps of paper—"My God, how I love you!" and "You are all rogues."

Mr Cronin denounces the historical and literary tradition of an egocentric and feverish imagination to "a man so middle-of-the-road and self-effacing in most of his doings," and adds: "The man who made the Empire style was, for over a hundred years, the model of an arch-Romantic." In fact the Empire style was a coarser and more showy version (with added Egyptian motifs) of the neo-classic style that is called Louis XVI, although it had been fashionable already in the reign of Louis XV and Napoleon admired not only Plutarch but Oesin and Rousseau, whose disciple,

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, was his favourite novelist.

Pace Mr Cronin, it was his romantic imagination that inspired the Egyptian Expedition which might easily have proved more disastrous than it did, the march to Moscow and, still more rash, the return from Elba, a hopeless gamble that caused innumerable deaths and left France smaller than it would otherwise have been. Though such failures in realism at different ages seem deep-rooted in his personality, his military genius never weakened.

Mr Cronin rightly blames Napoleon for under-rating the new strength of national feeling in Europe. The reason for this, he suggests, is that the Buonaparte brothers had cheerfully become French, because France offered advantages to Corsica. He also allows that two-thirds of the army destroyed during the retreat from Moscow were not patriotic Frenchmen but hapless foreigners from a dozen countries. Without any taste for cruelty Napoleon brought more misery to Europe than the most brutal and bigoted of other rulers.

How can Mr Cronin expect us to believe that "he wished to free the peoples of Europe and train them in self-government," when his rule of his own country was autocratic from the first? Elected representatives had no power in France: all he permitted was plebiscites (in which plebians had no vote). The truth is, I suggest, that he tried to conciliate the bourgeoisie which he despised, and didn't give a damn for the populace.

The details selected by Mr Cronin are always of interest, but often misleading. We are told, for instance, that Napoleon stopped the castration of boys for the papal choir, but not that he re-established slavery in those Caribbean islands where it had been abolished, that he gave enlightened laws to the countries he occupied, but not that tariffs within the Empire sacrificed their economies to the interests of France. He was always short of money and industrial production because the French remained thirty years behind the English in their banking and their technology.

So far as I can judge with no expert knowledge, Mr Cronin is accurate in almost all the facts he states, and also in his judgements upon books about Napoleon, including the many personal memoirs, usually biased. Even when questioning his conclusions, I admired his skill in narrating, and also in his choice of the XIXth century book (which has been carefully produced) is absorbing throughout.

The feeling of love

THE HUMAN
TOUCH

DESMOND MORRIS

BY ROBERT A
HINDE

does not necessarily mean that such a body shape was evolved as a sign of her status.

Again, to the biologist the problem of development is no longer a crude issue of nurture cloaking nature, but requires the teasing apart of a subtle interplay between organism and environment. Yet Morris still writes as though cultural differences were something that could be "stripped" away to reveal the primitive elements of behaviour underneath.

Indeed in making his equations between infantile and adult or between sexual and social patterns of behaviour, Morris seldom really gets to grips with what it means to say this behaviour "is" that. Does he mean that they have the same evolutionary origin, in the same way as the human arm and bird's wing evolved from the same primitive forelimb? Or does it mean a developmental continuity between the two, as the infant's babbling may develop into speech? Or does the second have features in common with the first that make it more easily learned? Many of the objects adults like contain features in common with the situations of infancy.

Morris certainly has a zoologist's perceptive eye. He is at his best discussing details of behaviour, the different ways of waving and when we use them, or the contexts in which male embraces are socially permissible. Many of his interpretations are eminently plausible: that the wide use of epaulettes is related to the manner in which they exaggerate a male secondary sexual character, and that modern ultra-tight jeans convey a similar signal to the coo-piece, is not unlikely. But he repeatedly gets carried away—breasts are attractive because they resemble buttocks, cigarettes because they

resemble the breast, hotel rooms in so far as they resemble a nursery. It is fun to expect about like this, but it is not science. And anyone who thinks popular science must be imprecise should re-read Julian Huxley's essays of the Thirties.

If the biology is a little flimsy, perhaps Morris's approach to the ground permits him to make use of other disciplines? But I hate to think that anthropologists will think of reified "culture" which can be stripped away. Or of what historians will think of his ability to select examples from this period or that, from aristocracy or peasantry, to make a point about the difference between modern sexual mores and those of "long ago."

But perhaps this is all too heavy. Many of Morris's remarks ring true, and one repeatedly recognises oneself in his descriptions of human behaviour. It is good to see oneself as part of the human race, and to come to terms with one's animal origins. Anyway, I believe he is writing with his tongue in his cheek. His style, if you set over the biological pretensions, is pleasant. The adult female of the human species is unique amongst primates in possessing a pair of swollen, hemispherical mammary glands "and the occasional corn" (from the womb to the tomb). "From the rock of the cradle to the rock of ages", is racy and entertaining.

Why not sit back and enjoy his quantitative analysis of changes in the shapes of the navels of ancient models (they are less than round than they used to be), or his description of a Japanese technique for covert masturbation in public. After all, it is only Desmond Morris caricaturing Desmond Morris.

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Charm amid the palms

UNLESS WE'RE Howard Hughes most of us never actually live in hotels but on the other hand nearly all of us use them as temporary homes at intervals. And how many of these hotels do we remember with any real pleasure? How many have we come across that don't fall into the cliché-type of old-fashioned "grand" hotel, "modern American pretentious or small and scruffy," "wow many have a real style and personality of their own?"

A small new hotel in London, Blakes Hotel, of 33, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, is one of the very few that I have come across. It has only 33 rooms and has been converted from two large adjoining Victorian houses.

It is the venture of Costa and Anouska Hempel who wanted to create a hotel that they themselves and their friends would want to stay in. Costa provided most of the financial organisation and Anouska was responsible for the visual side—from colour schemes down to which ashtrays they should have.

Anouska says that what she wanted was "a neutral background for lots of colourful people. I didn't want people just to check in, put their bags down and rush off somewhere, more amusing, I hoped they'd like being here, that there'd be a club feeling about it, that we'd escape the stereotyped hotel thing. This is what we seem to have. All the same people keep coming back and they're lovely people."

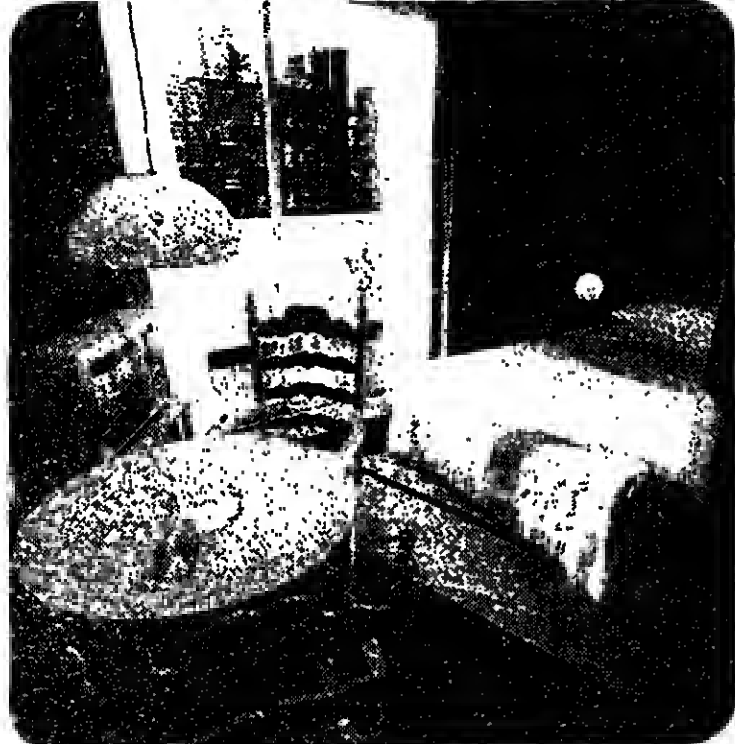
"I wanted the hotel to be reasonably chic but not to look as if I'd tried too hard, you know, the white flowers in the white vase on the white table bit. I wanted a thirties feel but comfy and elegant."

Most of what Anouska aimed at she's got. The outer facade tells at once that here's something different. Clean white lettering, grey plate silver glass and two giant palm trees greet the arrivals. Inside, the entrance hall and reception area is cool and clean with tobacco carpet, low glass tables and cream seating units by OMK furniture. The stairs, with white-painted scaffolding making an improvised but very successful balustrade, lead down to the restaurant and bar. White tiles are on the floor, there are black bentwood chairs and the black tables were designed by Anouska—black stove-painted Arkana bases, black Formica tops ringed with chrome. The tables form little groups so eerily reminiscent of the 1930s that the ear keeps listening for a Palm Court orchestra to strike up. Dark tinted mirror glass is on the walls, spotlights on the ceiling and everywhere there are palm trees.

The bar itself is almost all black so that it has what Anouska calls a "lovely womb-like feeling that people seem in like." Here again there are OMK seating units, this time in black, white OMK "bleiche" seats are the bar stools. The whole effect is very cool and elegant, yet inviting.

From the ground-floor reception area the brown carpet runs up the stairs and into the bedrooms. The stairs and landing walls are white but from the top to the bottom run two stripes, one thin, one thick, of brown. Into the thick stripe the number of each room is incorporated in white—one of the nicest ways of numbering rooms I've seen. Spotlights are used throughout the hotel and on each landing there is a palm tree.

The bedrooms are small but each has its own bathroom, well-arranged and all in white. The colour schemes of the rooms vary slightly, but basically they are very simple: white furniture, white light fittings, white bedspread, white television set. The bedroom in our photograph has mustard walls and linen curtains as well as coarse net curtains. In



Top: the "womblike" restaurant and bar. Bottom: a bedroom

each room there is an "antique" glass mirror which is so popular with the guests that a minor subsidiary selling business has been started.

On the top floor there is a small white-painted, white furnished terrace where guests may

take tea and gaze westwards over London. The terrace is just one of the many details that go to make up an unusually charming hotel, showing what can be done if only somebody, somewhere, cares enough.

Lucia van der Post

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● **AS IN** most households, I worry silly about the small things like the rent, rates and suchlike, leaving the man of the house to concentrate on the big things like Rhodesia, Northern Ireland, the dollar crisis and so on—Eve Pollard in the Sunday Mirror

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LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

IF YOU DON'T have a stammer yourself, and haven't had to watch the agonised contortions and sufferings of a friend or relation who stammers, you cannot know what hell they go through. Robin Harrison knows. He used to be a stammerer, or to be more precise, still is in the sense that he says you're never really cured, you just get on top of it.

Because he knows what it's like, and knows how much encouragement stammerers need, he has formed a club to help them. They meet every Wednesday evening in Kensington to try to master their stammers and have a social get-together. There is no charge ("I'm too close to stammerers to want to charge," says Robin Harrison) and everybody is free to come and go as they like.

Robin Harrison says that nearly everybody gets very much better in just a few months after joining, and that about 20 per cent of sufferers become completely changed people.

He himself started to stammer at about the age of nine (the normal age when it is first noticed, if very seldom starts before seven). "By the time I was 12 or 13 it was much worse and I began to realise how big a handicap it was. Between the ages of 15 and 20 I wouldn't even go into shops and was leading a totally negative life. When I was 25 I was very very bad. I couldn't pass exams because of the stammer and I'd never had a job."

My mother then arranged for me to be "cured." It cost her about £3,000 but she had it and was prepared to pay.

"After I got so much better I spent about three years helping other stammerers and that helped me even more. Now I own and run a garage."

"We find at the club that those who have been helped themselves are always very keen to come back and help others. We use standard methods, reducing in how to speak right from the beginning, and then we teach certain tricks or crutches to get over difficult words or sounds."

"It is fascinating to see how

quiet people are when they first come and how after a few weeks they become quite new people."

"It's very difficult for stammerers to find people who specialise in curing them. There are speech therapists but they deal in all speech defects, they don't specialise in stammering. There are also an awful lot of quacks who can separate you from an awful lot of money. This is why I started the club."

Anybody who is interested in the club should write to Robin Harrison at 23 William Street House, London, S.W.1.

THIS weekend's labourers in the vineyards of Mouton Rothschild (many of them English) are no doubt treating the job with a new reverence after the phenomenal sale of a jeroboam of the 1929 vintage for £2,850.

We asked Philippe Cottin, managing Director of Mouton, to work out how much money the jeroboam (six bottles) left Mouton for all those years ago. He had a look at the books and discovered they sold it to a wine merchant in Bordeaux for £350. He was at the sale at Sotheby's and was prepared to bid £500 to bring it back to Mouton since it's the only one in the world. It was for sentimental reasons, he said, but the French aren't that sentimental.

THE TENACITY with which the Inland Revenue cling to the vestiges of sex discrimination brings tears to the eyes.

Mrs Jeanette Hobby of Lymington, Hampshire, has had her position in life made clear by her local inspector of taxes. The taxman agreed with Mrs Hobby that working women were now to be taxed separately, but women will not get tax relief, it will go to their husbands.

Mrs Hobby wanted to know about her mortgage which she and her husband jointly have. The answer came back quite clearly: "Relief will only be given to

your husband (even though you may be making half the payments to the building society)."

As Mrs Hobby says, perhaps a tax relief awarded to a woman might go to her head.

SOME people think our taxi drivers are wonderful. The Queco has just received a cheque for \$10 and been asked to trace a driver (as if she knew every one of her loyal subjects personally) who did an American visitor to London a favour.

Mrs Martha M. Tucker from Miami apparently left some goodies in a taxi and had them restored to her later at her hotel by the taxi-driver. She showed her gratitude by making out the cheque to "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth" for her trouble and enclosing another \$10 as a reward for the driver.

The Chief Accountant of the Privy Purse sent the cheque and reward on to the Licensed Taxi Drivers' Association, suggesting the money goes into their benevolent fund. Maurice Levinson, the ex-driver author who runs their magazine Taxi, was almost sniffling about the act of honesty that so impressed Martha Tucker from Miami: "It's happening all the time."

ABOUT the "blind dinner" Look! threw to test gourmet frozen food: Egon Ronay says that he strictly observes the self-imposed rules when invited to a dinner party. To have a minimal lunch on the day so as not to have to refuse any of the food at dinner; to eat everything on his plate so as not to hurt the feelings of hostesses who anxiously eye his plate in particular; and to praise every morsel of food he has had, particularly when the hostess is his editor's wife.

Englishmen never will be slaves. Only Europe Peons.

Kay Vonderlage

LOOK! The Osbornes, Germaine Greer



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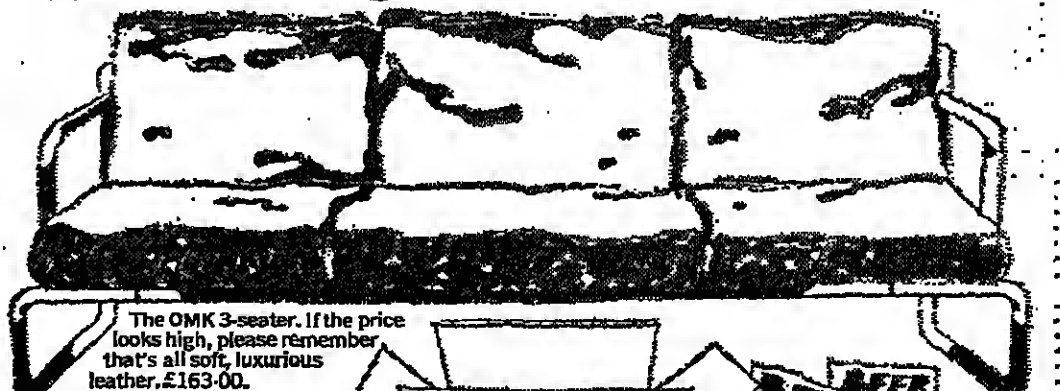
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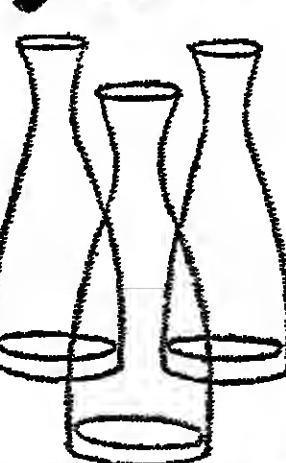
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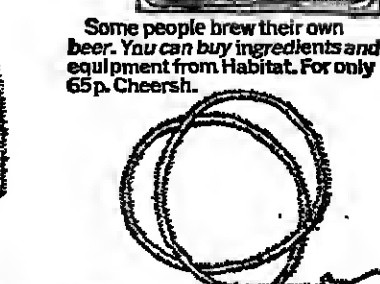
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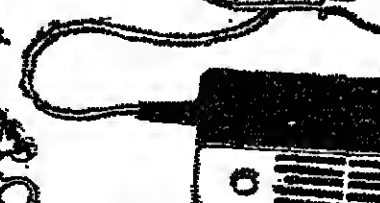
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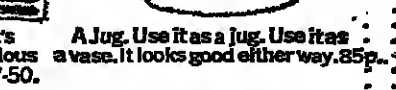
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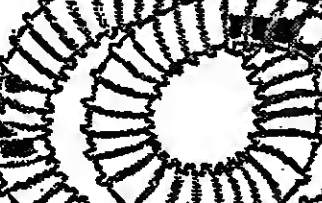
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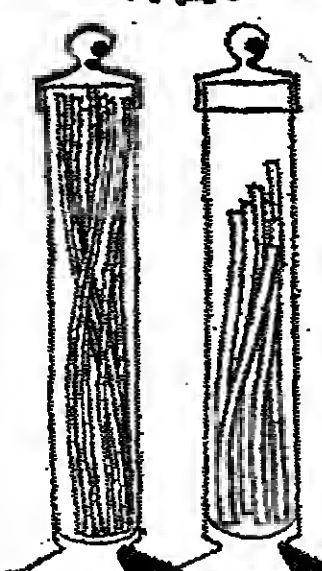
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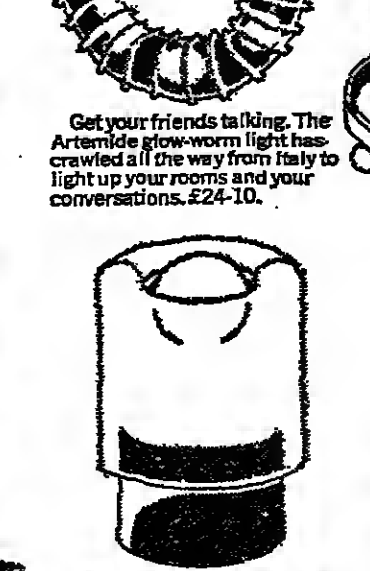
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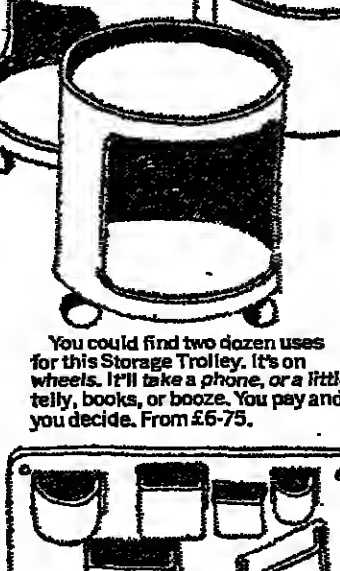
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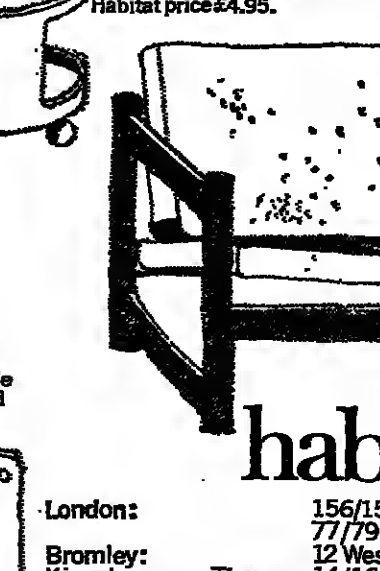
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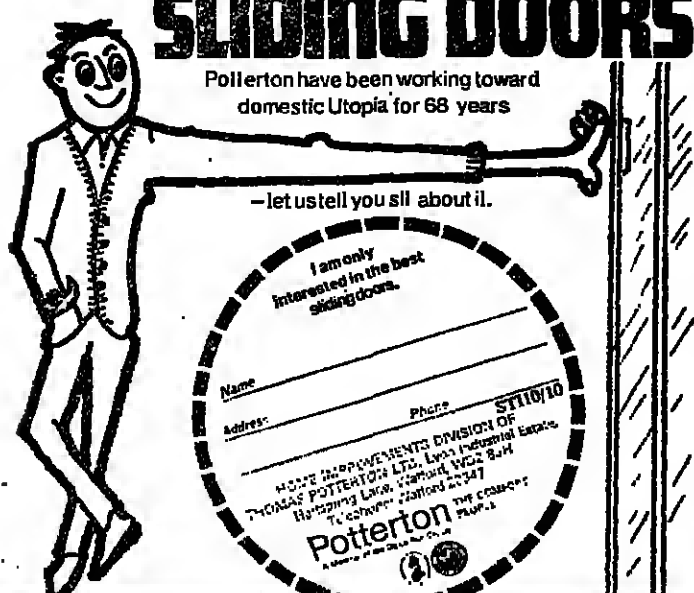


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LOOK!

His clothes and hers
Jill Bennett and John Osborne

JILL: We met at a dinner party of Kenneth Tynan's. John was sitting next to me. "What a very nice profile," he said. "Would you like my meat?" It pleased me enormously. I had been feeling particularly depressed about my nose.

John: She refused the meat. Jill: We were married to other people at the time. It's three and a half years since our wedding but we've been together for five. As I've got older things have become better and better. I was never good at being young. In my teens I was a very nasty mess, one and half stone heavier than now. An absolute lump of a thing. Chastly.

John: Not true. Never plump, always pleasing. Jill: I had simply no idea how to present myself. Gradually I've learnt. I still wear the same colours. Slubby beige. Lots of browns. Subtle ones. John prefers them bright.

John: Better for gentlemen. Gives a pallid personality a bit of a perk. Jill: I'm very keen on cleanliness. We both are. On smelling nice. In this profession—red, white, and blue it was.

John: My pants are rather conservative. Y'Frants, white. Jill: I adore silky dressing gowns and nightshirts. We both wear those, from Turnbull and Asser, where we also get our shirts made. I'm not very keen on hairy legs. I have mine waxed every six months at Harrods, and sometimes my underarms, too. though it's all so far that it hardly shows. John: Delight in claiming I have a moustache.

John: After shaves are for pooves.

Jill: Revlon deodorants are gentle for natural juices. They don't seal you in for life like some. There's found when things aren't right between people it's their smell you go off quicker.

MOLLY PARKIN

than anything else. I'm mad about lovely lingerie. Little lacey bras and cami-knickers.

John: Satin. Sensual stuff.

Jill: I wear stockings.

John: And suspenders.

Jill: I'm far too frightened of John to wear tights. He detests them.

John: Unhygienic. Nasty things. Jill: Occasionally I've cheated.

John: Ah. And felt rightfully guilty as if I were being unfaithful.

John: Men's underwear isn't half as interesting to women.

Jill: That's not true. I adore him in his vests. Wildly sexy. He used to have a particularly tooting one. Red, white, and blue it was.

John: My pants are rather conservative. Y'Frants, white.

Jill: I adore silky dressing gowns and nightshirts. We both wear those, from Turnbull and Asser, where we also get our shirts made. I'm not very keen on hairy legs. I have mine waxed every six months at Harrods, and sometimes my underarms, too. though it's all so far that it hardly shows. John: Delight in claiming I have a moustache.

Iron in their blood

SID SHEA blames a lot of it on Arthur Negus. At one time, Sid says, you could pick up some lovely stuff—round tables, old armchairs, nice bits of china. But now that bloke on television has put a stop to all that. It's just junk these days.

Sid is a totter, a rag and bone man. Arthur Negus is the bloke on television who tells how valuable their nice bits of china are. Now the nice bits of china and old armchairs go straight to the auctioneer and antique dealer; Sid, the man who depended on a public ignorance of the value of old things, has been cut out as a middle man.

It is all part of a general recession in London's totting trade. Antiques have gone, while good rags and good iron are hard to come by; people use artificial fibres and plastic instead. Totter's horses cost more to buy and hire and stable and feed. Stables are

pulled down to make way for garages and office blocks as the price of property climbs ever upward.

Meanwhile Sid Shea and his brown and white horse, Joey, are taking it all calmly. Sid is a small, gentle man in his fifties who has been a totter for thirty-five years. "As my father was before me," he wears an ironmonger's brown coat and rolls his own cigarettes. Together with another seven totters he shares a stable on the yellow-brick terraced slopes of Herne Hill in South London. His mates are Johnny the Ironmonger (he deals only in iron), Big Dave (he is big) and Just-call-me-Charlie (he has an entirely rational fear of second names and income tax returns). They all agree: Totting is not what it was. South London is probably the last stronghold in Britain.

"It costs so much nowadays," says Sid. "Thirty bob a week to hire a horse, thirty bob to stable it, ten bob a day to feed it. That's nearly seven quid a week." Most totters hire their horses from a dealer in Deptford because buying outright is too dear. Tom Penfold, Herne Hill stable owner for 40 years—as my father was before me—agrees. Horses are dear. "It'll cost you about £100 for a sensible sort of a cob."

The Penfolds' yard is all rustic clutter of a morning, full of snorting horses, carts and totters, plus the Penfold dog and the Penfold cat. Over the fence, long blue trains sway past bound for Blackfriars and Victoria, full of pretty secretaries from the leafy groves of Norwood and Tulse Hill. Sid Shea himself hardly approves of crossing the river to work, "over the water," he calls it sniffily. Sid is a Peckham man whose only

holiday is a day in the pub after a win on the horses.

"The only place I've left Peckham for is prison, Wandsworth mainly," Sid's prison stretches have been for receiving: it is, as he says, a bazaar of the trade. "You can't tell if something's pinched or not and you don't ask questions."

On his rounds Sid rings a brass bell marked ARP (a relic of 1940) and hopes that plenty of saleable iron and good women rags will come tumbling forth. Very little does, and as his horse defecates gently in one of Norwood's primmer avenues, Sid again recalls the better old days. "The best thing I ever got was one of those old padded chairs. I got £25 for it, a few years ago now, of course." Pre-Negus days, naturally.

Ian Jack



JILL BENNETT is wearing a Jean Muir dress in matte jersey, about £67. Jean Muir clothes: dresses from £50 to £70 long and short; blouses £25 to £35; skirts £23 to £28.

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you hate? I shan't mind, just tell me. "That pink coat and dress you wear," he said. "It makes you look middle aged and frumpy." I couldn't believe it. It was the outfit I always kept for our extra special occasions. I minded terribly but I got rid of it right away. I gave it to the Ladies Theatrical Guild. I'm much more interested in clothes and how I look now because John's so keen on it.

John: Although there's so much hysteria generated about fashion now, it rather puts me off the whole exercise. Brings out an extraordinary malevolence.

Jill: John chooses most of my things from seeing them in magazines. It's lovely. He's bought me masses of Jean Muir clothes which I adore. My favourite shops are Lucienne Phillips, she has ravishing things. And Browns, Piero de Monzi, Fortnum's. And John buys for me from Clive. We are very keen on jewellery, John especially.

John: Got a lot of time for jewellery. Ancient and modern. Best places—Hooper Bolton, Kutchinsky, Richard Ogden. I won't wear it though. When I have just a ring on, it seems to me over-extravagant.

Jill: He's splendid at furs. I've got quite a few of those.

John: Love fur.

Jill: I decide on John's clothes. I talk it all over with Dong Hayward his tailor. He's marvellous—he made John a long fox fur coat before anybody else had one. I have a jolly good dressmaker of course, a man called William Rothery. I buy my make-up, a lot of it from Joan Price's Face Place. I use lashings of eye make-up.

John: Eyes are the one thing you need as an actor.

Jill: I offered him some make up this morning.

John: I said no thank you. Jill: Coolly.

John: I loathe the whole element of fancy dress for either sex. Those King's Road girls who look as if they've rummaged through attics. Actually I like tweed skirts.

Jill: They're divine.

John: And there's something quite attractive about ladies in dirndl skirts.

Jill: I never care what clothes men wear really. Personality is much more important. I think Spencer Tracy was quite ravishing. And so is Paul Scofield, and Frank Sinatra and Joseph Losey and Neil Hartley and Alexander Grant and Donald Macleary and Lester Piggott, and Morecambe and Wise. Those are my favourite men. I fancy them all.

John: I don't.

Jill Bennett and Ralph Richardson opened last week in John Osborne's play West of Suez at the Cambridge Theatre.

Next Sunday: the City wine merchant and his wife



Totting is not what it was... now even the horses have to be hired

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OR a very long time people have asked me: "Do you know whom you remind me of?" Who? I would answer, as if I couldn't guess. "Why, Boris Karloff," they'd say "you're the pitiful image of him." And hereby hangs a tale.

When I was about 25 I was determined to become a film star. I did rowd work, charging with the Light Brigade, waving at Queen Victoria's coronation, cheering Napoleon, Gladstone and Bismarck. Small parts were being played by Robert Donat, John Williams, George Withers, and others about to scintillate. I actually spoke to them.

I moved into the theatre and got walking on parts. When here was music I sometimes lanced a few steps with the leading lady, before the male lead raised over and cut me out. When we opened once in Leeds, was given a line to say to the heroine's mother. The line was: "Don't cry, Lady Grant, it must be some mistake."

I continued with this sporadic art of theatrical life, and began to infiltrate into what people call "heavy" drama. These were tough, often terribly sincere, word-luffed and sexless attempts at nailing theatrical gems in

by wife says I could trip on a tag paper. to mean feet—far a non-sunder. W. A. Clarke

Also starred Boris Carson

sordid settings, parish halls, welfare centres, expiring suburban theatres.

Every now and again, in Grimsby, in decaying Baywater chapels, I would come across a young actor named Hilary Prescott. He was quite unlike any of the other casts, the false-breasted Ophelias and the elderly pillanderers with whisky-fuelled deliveries, doped pokers, sets on their teeth. Prescott didn't look like an actor; he was the picture of an SW solicitor or an architect.

About the fourth time of seeing him, while we were rehearsing for Mrs Warren's Profession, we had lunch together. "When you come into the rehearsal rooms for the first time," I told him, "you always look as though you'd arrived at the wrong address."

Prescott laughed. "It should be Monte Carlo, really." There was truth in this. He was a mainly kind of cocktails roundman and dressed with casual chic. With the ease and timing of a champion dancer, he strolled through the ruined orchards of Chekov, the dialectic avenues of Shaw and the drawing-room anarchy of Wilde. He was through on the other side like a puff of wind, sinking a pint at the corner pub, ringing a debutante, scanning the evening papers for a White City cert. I soon gave up the stage and

went to try my luck in Nice. I met a film producer called Rex Ingram who had discovered Valentino.

One day he said he would give me a film test. At last, I told myself, I am on the brink of being discovered. I went to the seaside studios and was anointed with make-up, and told to play the part of a young Englishman who had just arrived in the garrison town of Kar-es-Souk, and was given some silly-ass dialogue. When I went back to the studio to ask for the result of my test, Rex Ingram waved, striding towards me through a huge set crowded with camels, sheep, goats, Zouaves and Bedouins. "Hello, Carson," he said. "I'm afraid it's no good. You look too much like Boris Karloff."

I returned to England, throwing up my film career, and procuring a job, through someone's aunt, on the technical side of a film studio. I watched the steady rise of Donat, Williams and George Withers and the impeccable celluloid portrayals of Hilary Prescott, met him at select film parties, downed a few pints with him at the studio local. His name was beginning to blaze in the papers.

I went to see him during a performance of the Cherry Orchard, and called around at his dressing room. "You have a pro-

found, quite un-English feeling for the characters of Chekov," I told him. Prescott wiped some cold cream from his nose. "To tell you the honest truth, old boy," he said, "I don't understand a darn thing about him or his plays. I can't follow the dialogue, staggers about like a drunken sailor. I'd hate to spend an evening with any of the characters. I'd never go near Moscow if you paid me a million roubles."

Finally Prescott married a very rich woman and three or four months after the wedding, he asked me down to visit his new home, a modestly-sized, Tudor palace in Bedfordshire. I arrived in time for lunch, and was greeted by my host in opulent tweeds. "I've given up the acting lark," he said, but seemed uneasy. He even forgot to introduce me to his wife.

When we all went into the dining room, it was exactly like a scene from one of those early plays where I had had a walking on part and said "Don't cry, Lady Grant, it must be some mistake." Mrs Prescott looked very handsome and wore gleaming pearls, and she and all the guests talked about home affairs, foreign affairs, local affairs, and even love affairs, but mostly dog shows.

Before leaving, I congratulated Hilary Prescott on his charming wife. "The trouble is," he said, "she's in a bad production. The dialogue is atrocious. The decor is stale art nouveau. The lighting lacks drama and as for the supporting cast, I ask you, utterly boring and provincial. How much better the Russians did it. Life in the raw, my dear fellow, is not for us artists."

He saw me to my car and was joined by Mrs Prescott. "Please come down again, Mr Karloff," she said, "I know that you and Hilary have so much in common."

Anthony Carson

LOOK!

The voyeurs

I HAVE just done rather an odd thing. Indeed, I have been eating about in my mind for a while in which to convey its oddness, and I decided I had better ask you to imagine a civilisation in which eating has ceased almost altogether. Moreover, it is officially reprehended as a sort of bestial regression. That should not be so difficult, for we are no longer astonished by the astronaut's mini-bulk diets and the attempts to circumvent the approaching food crisis.

In this imagined society, then, nourishment exists, but not the great pursuit of eating nor the great arts of the kitchen. Human nature being to some degree irrepressible, clubs spring up in special areas, the Reperbatus and Sunset Strips of our imaginary towns. There one may be dim of paying very large sums, entrance fees, cover charges and minimal consumption (an alcohol pill or a saline injection) — actually watch actual people actually eat.

Great pains are taken to depict the building up of appetite: first a glossy sucking pig with an astronomical price tag is shown in various attitudes before the audience. It with changing tints. Blackout. Then a series of tableaux of gluttonous people leaping towards a roast chicken on a string, slithering up a greasy pole towards a Virginia Baked Ham, vainly embracing a sump-

ates the decor. His great nose is quite the only prapic event in the environment, and his huge melting in shily point the only moist or tender thing.

Six girls and three boys lackadically disport themselves for the amusement or whatever it was of the nearby all-male clientele. The six girls, as one might expect, are on stage five times as long as the boys and the exaggerated sexual moaning and squealing which comes over the sound system is all female.

Of course, such spectacles are necessarily costly: we were supposed to be in free, but each paid £2 to get in, £6p for a cover charge and £5 for a half bottle of Scotch. If prices were not normally much higher the club would attract the wrong kind of clientele and it would have to be closed, we were told. Only the rich may have their vices in impunity.

The format of the show purported to be a history of the sexual revolution from the New Economic Policy, signified by a naked lady in whose body was projected a hundred dollar bill and subsequently a marksman's target trained on her pudenda. "If you would reach the Mark," the commentator quipped, "you must aim fair and square with a hundred dollars!" The combination of pecuniary with sadistic motivation characterised the tone of the whole establishment.

The social history took us through a series of fantasies about the aphrodisiac effects of marijuana (which had us all laughing hugely, although the audience of visiting merchants was silent), via a celebration of Manson and his harem to the Act itself, performed by a masked executioner with a whip. "Sexual freedom is here!" howled the commentator. Lord! how we laughed.

But we went away chastened. There had been so much of that tiresome manipulation of floppy male flesh, so much dismal female solitariness, that we sat down by the Alstersee in the first frost of the year and reflected sourly upon the nature of the phenomenon.

Marcuse would agree with Mrs Whitehouse that pornography leads to fear and dislike of sex (experienced as impotence and boredom); the phenomenon is called repressive desublimation. The trouble is that nobody, not Mrs Whitehouse or her friend the Pope or Lord Longford—or me—knows how to distinguish pornography (which turns you off) from erotic art (which turns you on). But I do know of a bronze tessera in the Bargello in Florence which these people would lock away forever from the light of day, a tiny thing full of holy fire. To see that now, is to feel potent, sexy and full of grace.

Illustration: Greer and Turner Newspapers Ltd., 1971.



Germaine Greer

tuous dessert imprisoned in a block of ice.

Closer and closer come the actors to the point of really putting food into their mouths and making it. They drink, and the public address system relays prodigious sounds of slavering and stomach growling. They thrust imitation bananas and pawpaws into their mouths and slobber about them. They pretend to eat.

Everything is leading up to the last stage in the hour-long show, when four people will put food in their mouths, chew and swallow, thus, one assumes, initiating the whole process of digestion and defecation.

The eaters are not prodigious trenchermen; they may even have trouble tolerating the unfamiliar food when it is in their mouths, but they mime huge pleasure. When they are to slaver they fill their mouths with jelly and let it dribble out. Sometimes they are droll, they go to bite a tomato which explodes in their faces or they don huge rubbery false teeth which bend about instead of biting.

One might wonder if they really eat or if they go backstage to be sick and collect their pay. Does their union demand colonic lavages? Perhaps the saddest thing is that they must perform this act four times a night.

The audience does not rise from its plush seats clamouring for food. It does not suck its fingers, pick its nose or bite its nails. It simply watches and vaguely recollects a form of pleasure it might have known but needs no longer strive for.

Have you guessed what odd thing it was that I did? I went to a club called Salambô in Hamburg and watched people perform the sex act or make love, as it is sometimes obscurely expressed.

The club belongs to a Marseillais whose laurel-girt profile domi-

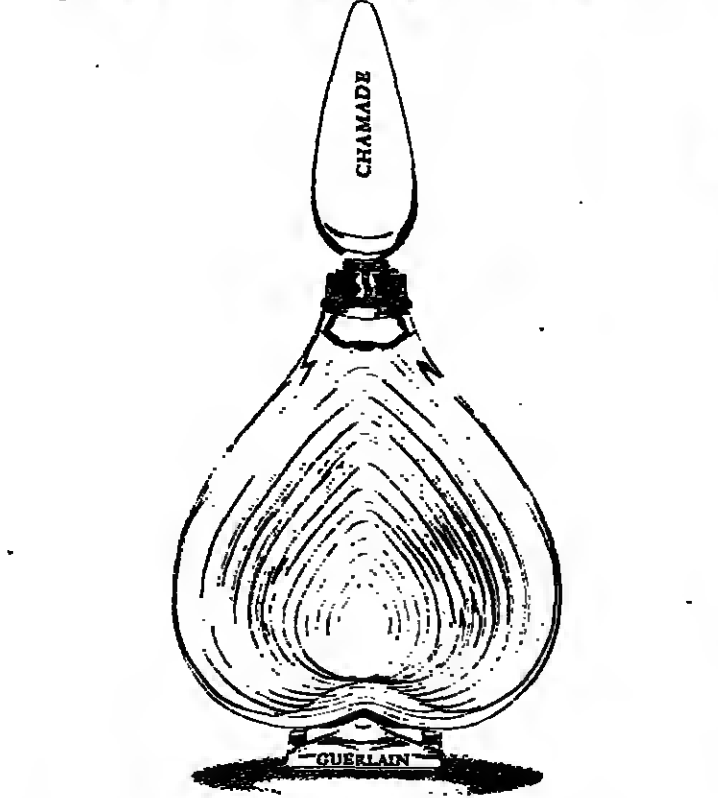
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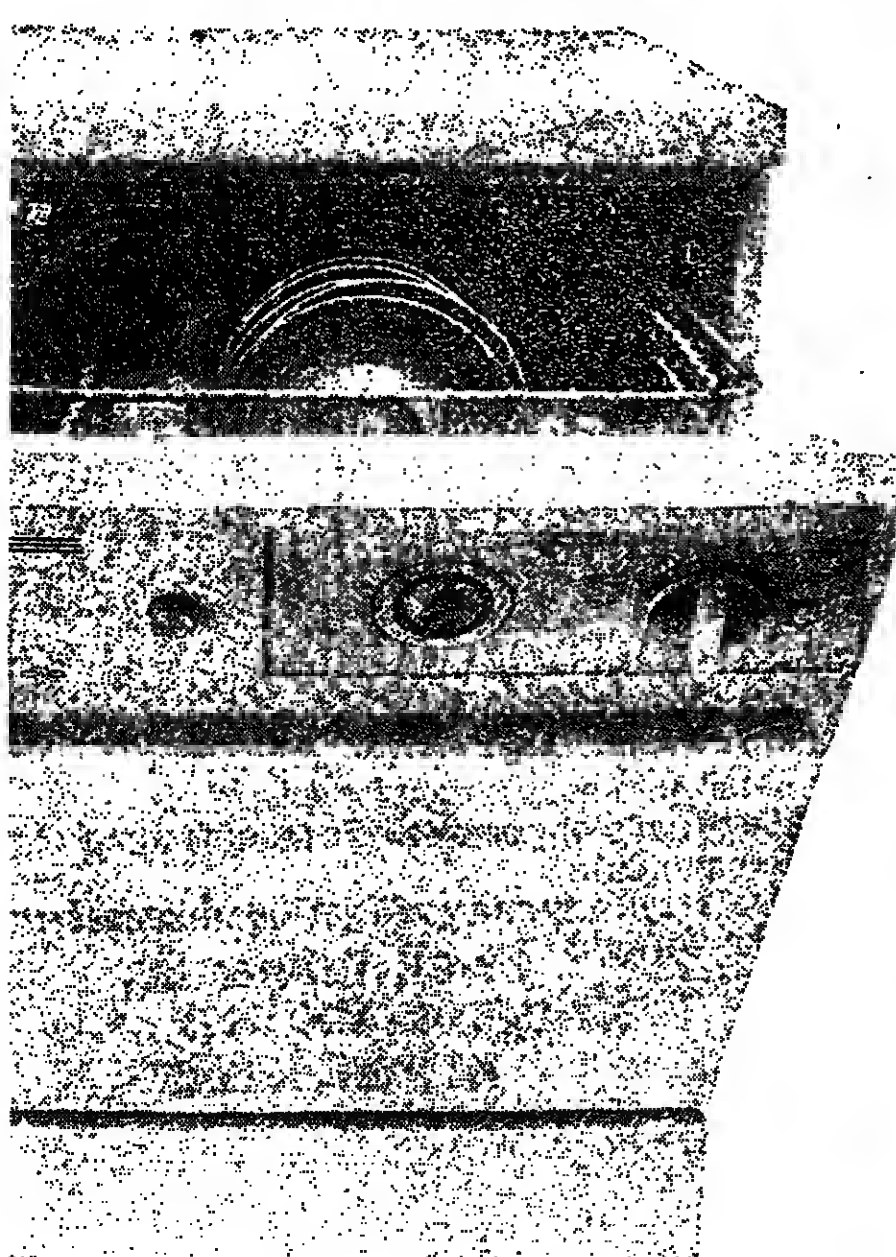
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LOOK!

Depression: a wife's story - now the treatment

MY HUSBAND had been suffering from severe depression for some time when I insisted that he must seek help. We wrote to the Institute of Psycho-Analysis and on their recommendation he went, reluctantly, to a therapist with a German name.

One is always told that the patient must really want the therapist himself. My husband did not. He used to come home from his weekly sessions complaining bitterly that the fellow was so stupid he could not even speak English. I found out years later from another source that his English had been perfect. In any case this form of treatment was not intense enough to achieve anything.

Our GP was in favour of treatment with drugs and sent him to a most eminent psychiatrist. My husband's sessions used to last for five minutes: the doctor would say "Are you up or down this week?" and according to his answer he increased or decreased the dose of drugs.

I asked the psychiatrist whether there was any point in a form of treatment which alleviated the symptoms but did nothing to discover or eradicate the underlying cause. His answer consisted of a list of all the famous actors, politicians and VIPs whom he had cured. I phoned our GP and he agreed to refer my husband to someone else.

The new psychiatrist used a combination of therapy talk sessions and drugs. Then a crisis erupted: my husband had a complete breakdown and walked out.

A Jewish acquaintance of mine was bitten by the dogma and though he later displayed all the symptoms of rabies the doctor said it was purely psychosomatic.

Nick Toczek

NEXT SUNDAY: Look! reveals the secrets of cooks who make their freezers work hard for them, and explains where to find out about money-saving bulk buying for the freezer.

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hood. As the treatment progresses his attitude towards his family at home may undergo frightening and dramatic changes. No advice was given about this or any warning of what to expect.

I wonder constantly whether to make reasonable domestic demands on him or whether even that is too taxing for his emotional equilibrium, and I do not know whether my idea of a reasonable demand really is reasonable. An example of this dilemma occurred at Easter this year. My husband spent the morning in the garden having a well-deserved rest after a period of working long hours at peak pressure. I was cleaning the house and preparing lunch. He came in and said that he was going to the pub on his own. I said, "Could you just lay the table before you go?" He exploded with rage: said that I had destroyed his one moment of relaxation, that if he couldn't go when he felt like it the whole thing was no good and, ten minutes later when he had laid the table, he said it was too late.

Within a few weeks of this episode my husband decided, completely of his own accord, to terminate the analysis. They say that the patient cannot pull himself together but, without the support of drugs or therapy, for the first time for six years my husband has been excitingly improved. It is far too soon to know whether this is just a good upswing of the normal cycle. He feels that the analysis was a tremendously valuable experience in terms of his personal development, that he has learnt to understand his own personality and to accept the fact that his depression is part of it.

But what about the rest of us? During my one attempt to speak to the analyst he did agree that my husband had been in an acute stage of breakdown for the previous six months. He could not comment, except to say that this might be an indication that the treatment was really working. It was not his concern to give any thought to the strain that those six months had put on the rest of the family, even though our stresses must affect his patient's condition.

Anyway, he seems to have been proved right. Perhaps my husband has now recovered—but I don't know how long it will take me to recover from his breakdown.

These days I am tense and bad-tempered, intolerant and impatient with the children. I was not like this before, and friends and family have commented on the change in me.

I feel that the psychiatric profession have not accepted that the patient is a member of a family whose problems are part and parcel of his own. They see the patient in the unnatural surroundings of the surgery and they may not even be treating the most disturbed member of the family. The births and deaths, the holidays and celebrations, the ecstasies and traumas which are going on at home and to which the patient returns when he leaves the surgery ought to be taken into the fullest account when treatment is prescribed. They are, after all, the stuff of real life.



COUPLES by Calman

At home from abroad

LONDON FURNITURE STORES are in the middle of a round of enterprising shows and displays. Nearly all of it, however, is foreign: it would be lovely if one of them soon would put on as scintillating a display of British furniture. At Maples in Tottenham Court Road there is the Comfort exhibition, beautifully displayed, featuring much foreign and particularly Italian furniture, but a little British if you look carefully. Heal's at 196, Tottenham Court Road, have a display of Swiss design, while at Liberty's in Regent Street a whole range of plastic furniture will be on show from tomorrow. Oscar Woolless, of 421/2, Finchley Road, NW3, is celebrating its 25th anniversary with a grand display of international furniture, including some items from Brazil. Photographed above is some Danish furniture on sale for the first time in Britain. Called the Etcetera

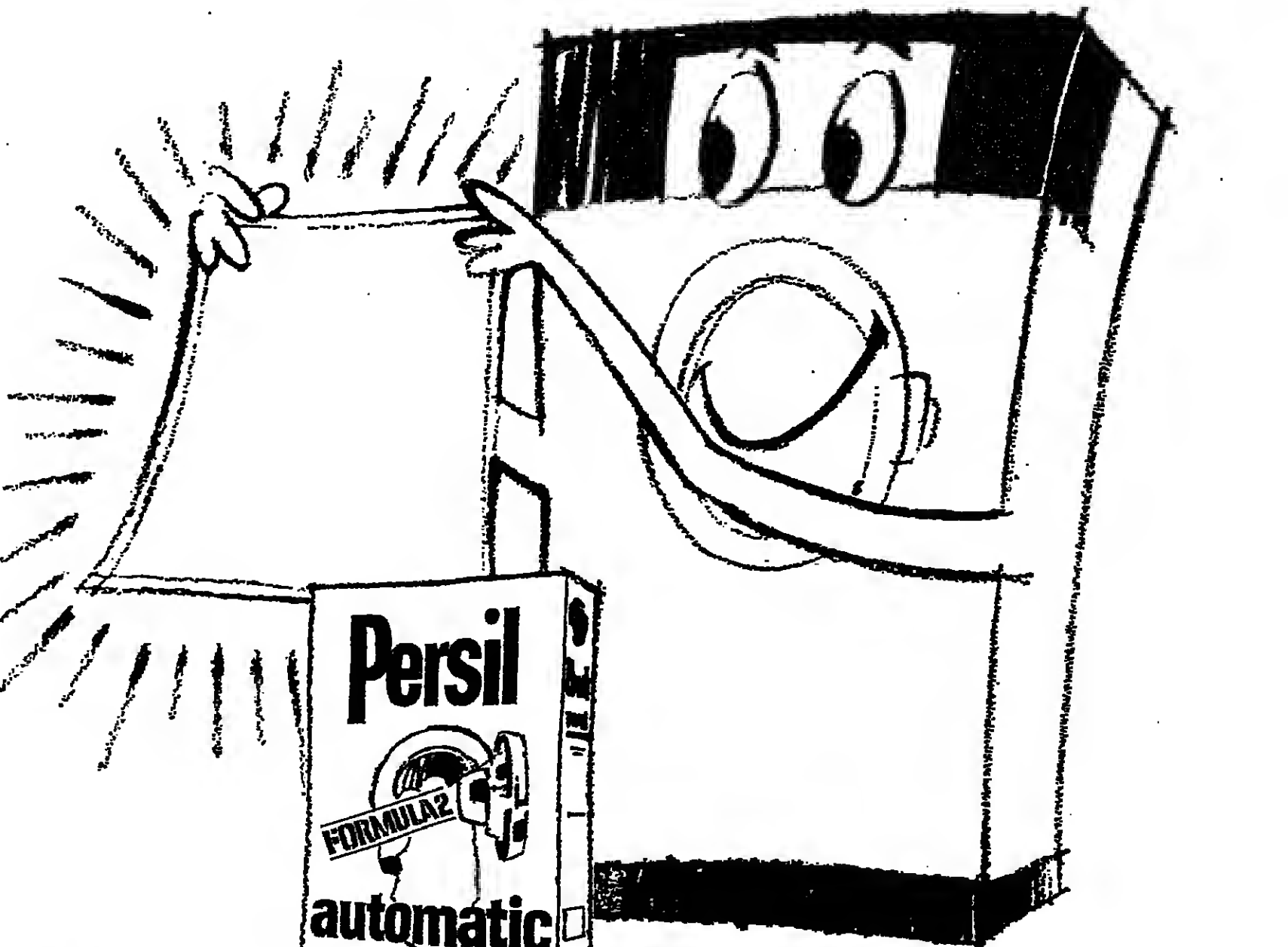


range, it was designed by Jan Ekelsius for J. O. Carlsson. We show the relaxing chairs but there are also easy and dining chairs and a dining-table. The frames are of tubular steel and the chair shown costs £49.

ADEPTUS DESIGNS of 40 Chelcot Road, London NW1, produce a series of interesting tables in kit form. This retractable table and benches (above) is their latest idea to cope with space problems. The table and seating for four folds away against the wall when not in use. It fits on to any wall space at least 5ft 2in high and 4ft 7in wide. Made of Finnish birch laminate. If collected, £24.60, if delivered, £26.90. Adeptus also provide ready-finished ones to order.

Lucia van der Post

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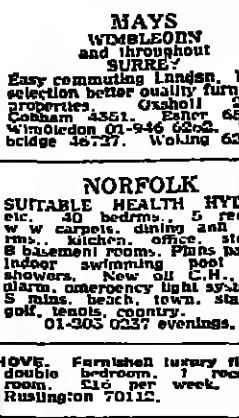
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3 Handicraft

Applicants are invited for the one-term course in the Autumn term 1972 and Spring term 1973 for Handicraft teachers who have come from industry with either a Full Technological Certificate of the City and Guilds of London Institute or a Higher National Certificate but who have not taken a course of teacher training. (Course 23 in O.E.S. Teachers' Course List No. 1, 1972-73.)

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Application forms and further details of these (and other) courses may be obtained from the Principal, Avery Hill College of Education, Berley Road, Eltham, London, SE9 2PQ.

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